

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

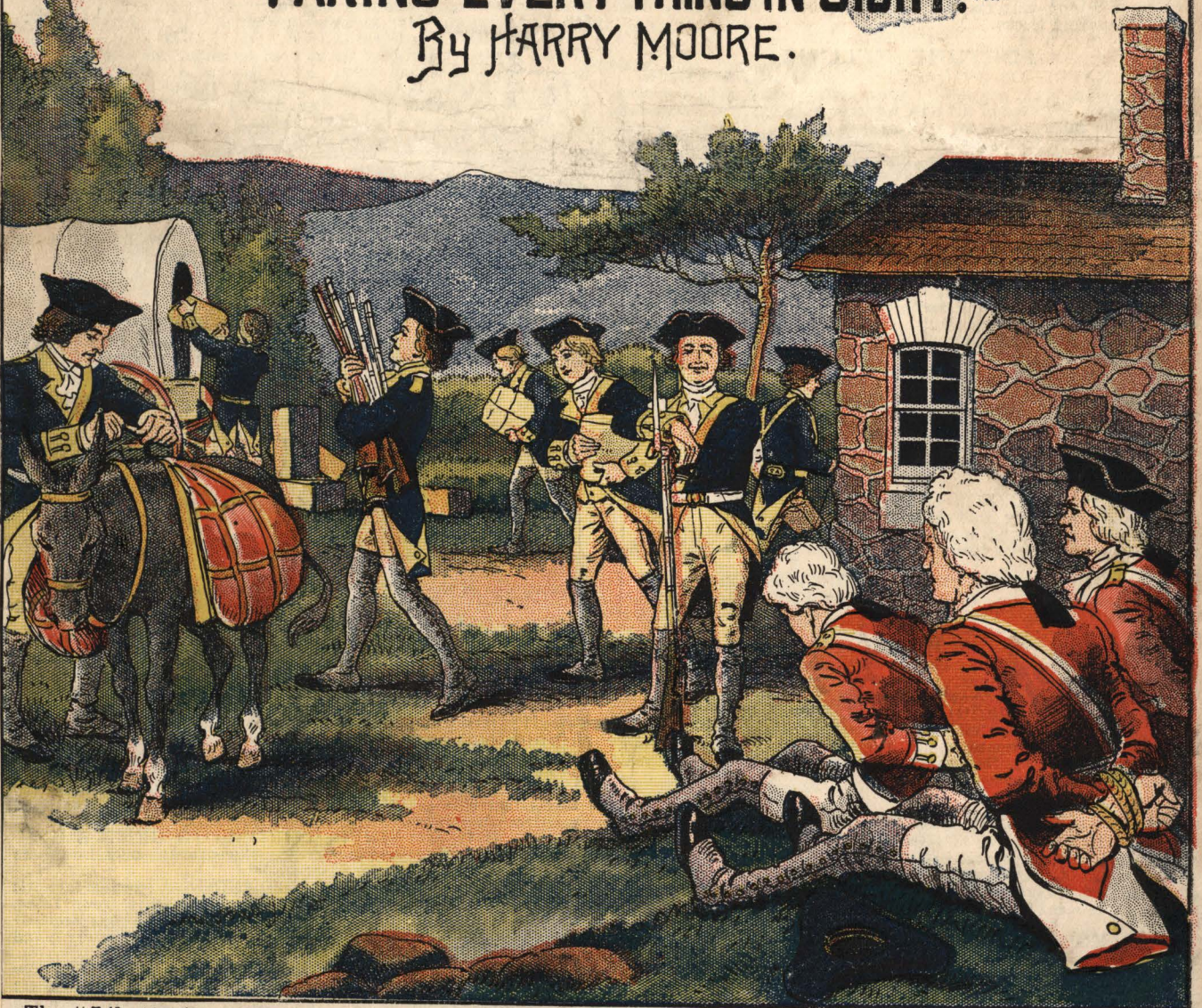
Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, February 4, 1901, by Frank Tousey.

No. 39.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1901.

Price 5 Cents.

THE LIBERTY BOYS' GREAT HAUL; TAKING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT. By HARRY MOORE.



The "Liberty Boys" had made a great haul, and were happy. Their faces wore broad smiles as they loaded the arms and provisions into the wagon. The redcoat prisoners looked sullen and angry.

These Books Tell You Everything!

A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N. Y.

SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE, AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum" the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of the lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

No. 61. HOW TO BECOME A BOWLER.—A complete manual of bowling. Containing full instructions for playing all the standard American and German games; together with rules and systems of sporting in use by the principal bowling clubs in the United States. By Bartholomew Batterson.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. With illustrations.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJURER.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition; together with specimen letters.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine Containing Stories of the American Revolution.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, February 4, 1901. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1901, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 39.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1901.

Price 5 Cents.

CHAPTER I.

"IT IS ENGLAND AGAINST AMERICA!"

"Look, Dick!"

"Where, Bob?"

"Yonder, coming up the river in a boat."

"Ah! Yes, I see."

"One of those fellows is a redcoat, Dick."

"Yes, and an officer, too, I should judge."

"Yes; and say, Dick, we must capture him."

"How are we going to do it, Bob?"

"Oh, I should think it would be easy enough."

"I don't know about that; they are in a boat, you see."

"I know they are, but——"

"We have no boat, Bob, so how are we going to get at them?"

The other was silent a few moments.

He was thinking deeply.

"I'll tell you," he said, presently. "You see, the boat is coming up stream."

"Yes."

"Well, in rowing against the stream, one naturally keeps out of the current as much as possible."

"Yes."

"Well, if you will notice, the current of the river, right opposite this point, is over toward the other shore."

"I notice that."

"Exactly. It follows, then, that the boat, when it passes this point, will be close to this shore."

"I have no doubt that such will be the case."

"Right; and such being the case, what will there be to hinder us from jumping out just as the boat gets even with us, levelling our pistols and forcing that man to row ashore on penalty of being shot if he refuses to obey?"

The other pondered a few moments, then he said:

"I don't know of anything to hinder us, Bob."

"And you think it will work?"

"I think so; we'll try it, any way."

"Good!"

The time of which we write was the month of May, in the year of 1777.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a very pleasant day.

The two youths, of perhaps eighteen years of age, stood just within the edge of the timber which bordered the Raritan River in the State of New Jersey.

These youths were handsome young fellows, and although bronzed by exposure to almost the hue of an Indian, and dressed in ill-fitting homespun clothing, the close observer would have said at once that these were no common youths.

And he would have been right.

Dick Slater and Bob Estabrook, although they had been in the patriot army less than one year, had already made names for themselves.

They were members of a company of youths known as "The Liberty Boys of '76."

Dick was the captain of the company.

A brave and dashing officer he was, too.

He was beloved by all his comrades.

They had unlimited confidence in him.

Wherever he led, they would follow.

In addition to this, both Dick Slater and Bob Estabrook had made themselves famous as spies.

They had done a great deal of successful spy work, and Dick had been given the title of "The Champion Spy of the Revolution."

They were on a sort of spying or scouting expedition at the time we introduce them to the reader.

The patriot army at that time occupied a position at Morristown Heights.

The British army, eighteen thousand strong, occupied New Brunswick.

New Brunswick was on the Raritan River, and was about two miles distant from the spot where the two "Liberty Boys" stood.

A quarter of a mile distant down the river was a boat. In the boat were two men.

One man was rowing, the other was sitting at the stern.

The man who was rowing was dressed in citizen's clothing and looked like a Raritan Bay fisherman.

The other was evidently a redcoat, for he wore a British uniform.

As the boat drew nearer, Dick and Bob saw that the redcoat was a young fellow of about their own age.

"He's a lieutenant, Bob," said Dick, in a low tone, when the boat was within seventy-five yards of them.

"So I see, Dick; at any rate, he has on a lieutenant's uniform."

"Yes; and say, Bob, we must capture him."

There was an eager look on Dick's face as he spoke.

"I'm with you on that, Dick."

"Good! Out with your pistols and be ready to jump out at the same instant that I do."

"All right; I'll be right with you."

The youths drew their pistols.

They examined the weapons to see that they were in good working order.

Then they turned their attention to the boat.

They watched it approach with eager interest.

They saw that the boat would be within thirty feet of the shore when it reached the point opposite where they stood.

This would be all right.

They could not ask for anything better.

Closer and closer drew the boat.

The occupants evidently did not suspect that danger was near:

The young lieutenant was humming an air in a light-hearted fashion.

Just before the boat came even with the point where Dick and Bob were concealed, the young officer stopped humming and asked:

"How much farther is it to New Brunswick, boatman?"

"'Bout two miles, sir," was the boatman's reply.

"Ah! Then we'll soon be there?"

"Yes, I reckon we'll be thar in erbout an hour's time."

But both were mistaken.

The young lieutenant was not destined to reach New Brunswick so soon as he thought.

Just at this instant the boat came opposite the point where the youths stood, and, leaping out from among the trees, they levelled their pistols at the inmates.

"Stop!" cried Dick, in a loud, threatening voice. "Stop, or you are dead men!"

Exclamations escaped the lips of the boatman and the lieutenant.

They were taken entirely by surprise and were considerably startled.

Involuntarily the boatman ceased rowing.

Both he and the young British officer stared at Dick and Bob in open-mouthed amazement.

"By Jove! this beats anything I ever heard tell of!"

exclaimed the young lieutenant. "Boatman, who are those insolent young scoundrels?"

"I dunno, sir."

"You'll find out who we are," said Dick, threateningly, "if you don't tell your boatman to row ashore at once."

The lieutenant was not disposed to give in so easily, however.

He wished to argue the matter.

"Well, tell me who you are, then," he said.

"It is none of your business," replied Dick. "The thing for you to do now is to do as I command you."

The face of the lieutenant flushed, angrily.

He was bigoted and had a lively sense of his own importance.

"By what right do you give orders?" he asked, hotly.

"The right of might!" and Dick shook his pistols, menacingly.

"Oh, the right of might, eh?"

"Yes."

As the lieutenant spoke, his hand dropped in a seemingly careless fashion on the butt of a pistol which was in his belt.

Dick had his eyes on the fellow, however.

He saw what the young fellow was up to, and knew what he was thinking of doing, as well as though he had put his thoughts in words.

"You will sign your death-warrant if you try to draw that pistol!" the youth said, in a calm, cold tone of voice. "We are both dead shots, and could not fail to hit you at the distance."

Something like a curse escaped the young officer's lips.

"I think I hed better row ershore, sir," said the boatman, who was evidently considerably alarmed; "don't ye think so?"

"Perhaps so, but I dislike to be forced to do anything against my will by a couple of nobodies—for such, I can see, those two fellows are."

"Say, you never made a bigger mistake in your life, young fellow," said Bob, promptly. "You can just wager all you are worth that we are somebodies; and I think that you will be willing to acknowledge it before you get through with this."

"Row ashore, boatman!" cried Dick, sharply.

It was evident that the boatman wished to do so, but he hesitated and looked at the lieutenant, inquiringly.

"All right; row ashore," the lieutenant said, in a grim tone of voice. "I suppose we will have to do as these fellows say, as the advantage is all on their side."

"Now you're talking sense," said Bob.

The boatman resumed work with the oars, and a couple of strong strokes brought the boat to the shore.

"Get out, both of you!" ordered Dick.

The boatman obeyed at once.

He clambered out and then pulled the boat well up out of the water.

The lieutenant followed more slowly and with evident reluctance.

As soon as he was on shore he faced the youths and favored them with a stare which he intended should be haughty and awe-inspiring.

He could as easily have stopped the water from flowing over Niagara as to inspire a feeling of awe in the breasts of Dick Slater and Bob Estabrook.

They were veterans and old stagers.

It would take a good deal more than looks to awe them.

And, besides, this young lieutenant, while not a bad-looking fellow, was not one at all calculated to impress one with the idea that he was dangerous.

He was fairly good-looking, but rather effeminate and weak in appearance.

His uniform was brand-new; in fact, the lieutenant looked as if he had just stepped out of a band-box.

Dick and Bob jumped to the conclusion that the young man had not seen service on a field of battle.

They were confident that he had received his commission through favor, and not because of anything in the way of services rendered.

"What does this mean?" the young lieutenant demanded, haughtily.

"It means that you are our prisoner," replied Dick, with a quiet smile.

"Your prisoner!"

"Yes, our prisoner."

"Who are you?" the lieutenant demanded. "And by what right do you make me a prisoner?"

"I have already answered those questions," said Dick. "It is none of your business who we are, and we make you a prisoner by the right of might."

"It is an outrage."

"You think so?"

"Yes; and when the British at New Brunswick learn that you have treated Lieutenant Winfield Mortimer in such fashion, they will hang you to the first tree that comes handy."

"Oh, you think so?" remarked Dick, seemingly not in the least alarmed.

"I do; I am sure of it."

"And you are Lieutenant Winfield Mortimer, I suppose?"

"I am," he said, proudly. "And I can tell you that I

belong to one of the proudest families in England; the bluest of blue blood flows through my veins."

"Say, Dick," said the irrepressible Bob, "let's let out some of his blood and take a look at it. I have never seen any blue blood, and would like to see what it looks like."

Dick could hardly keep from laughing, but he managed to do so, instead, allowing the feeling of scorn at the words of the young upstart of an English lieutenant to show.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, in scorn, "don't talk to us in any such fashion as that. We are free-born Americans, and we don't believe in the blue-blood idea at all. It is the veriest nonsense. Your blood is no bluer than that of any one else, and, in my opinion, you are the biggest kind of an upstart and bigot!"

The face of the young redcoat grew dark with anger.

"That's right; say what you like!" he cried. "You have me at a disadvantage, and I cannot help myself. Let me tell you, though, that if we were face to face, and you with no advantage on your side, you would not dare talk in any such fashion."

Dick smiled.

"My young friend, you never made a bigger mistake in your life than when you said that," he remarked, quietly; "you are entirely wrong."

"I don't think so. Dare you give me a chance at you, on equal terms?"

The lieutenant was eager.

Doubtless he, in his egotism and ignorance, thought he was more than a match for this youth who was dressed after the fashion of a farmer boy of the region.

"Dare I?" laughed Dick. "Why, young fellow, it will give me the greatest pleasure in the world to accommodate you; it will take me but a very short time to teach you a much-needed lesson, and feeling that it will be of great benefit to you, I am quite willing to do it. How will you have it—with pistols or with nature's weapons?"

The lieutenant held up his clenched fist.

"With nature's weapons," he replied; "and if I don't give you one of the worst thrashings you ever had, it will be very strange."

"Oh, I supposed you would choose pistols," said Dick, sarcastically.

"Oh, he's wiser than you think, Dick," said Bob; "he's afraid he might get some of that blue blood spilled."

Lieutenant Winfield Mortimer glared at Bob.

"After I've given this fellow his lesson, I'll attend to your case!" he grated.

"Yes, 'after,' grinned Bob. "Do you know, my bold lieutenant, that, strange as it may seem to you, I am not at all alarmed."

Dick looked at the old boatman.

"I suppose you'll not interfere?" he queried.

The boatman shook his head.

"No, sir-ee!" he replied, promptly. "Et's no bizness uv mine, an' I hain't ergoin' ter interfere; ther young man hired me ter row him from Perth Amboy ter New Brunswick. Thet's my bizness—ter row, not ter fight, an' ther young feller'll hev ter look out fur himself."

"That is the way to look at it," said Dick, approvingly; "you are indeed sensible."

Dick was a shrewd youth.

He had had his eyes on the old boatman when the young lieutenant was boasting of his blue blood, and had seen a look of disgust on the boatman's face.

This gave Dick the idea that the old man was a patriot at heart.

The youth now turned his attention to the lieutenant.

"You will have to give up your weapons," he said, adding: "Bob, take possession of the weapons."

Bob stepped forward and relieved the young officer of his weapons, which consisted of a sword and two pistols.

These Bob laid at the foot of a tree some distance away.

"So you wish to give me a lesson, do you?" remarked Dick, in a quiet, meditative tone of voice. "Very well, I will give you the opportunity; just doff that red coat of yours, my friend, and go to work."

"Very good," said the lieutenant, in a tone of satisfaction, as he unbuttoned his coat and threw it off; "if I don't give you a lesson it will be because I am not the man I think I am."

"I think you will make the discovery that you are not the man you think you are," said Dick, quietly; "indeed, I feel that you are going to be given about the biggest surprise of your life."

As Dick spoke, he doffed his coat and the two stepped forward and confronted each other.

With their coats on, the two had seemed to be about of a size, but with their coats off, quite a difference was noted.

Dick was so well built, was so symmetrically proportioned that with all his clothing on he did not look to be nearly so heavy as he was.

In sporting parlance, Dick stripped large; in other words, he looked bigger with his coat off than when he had it on.

The sight of his arms, too, as he rolled up his sleeves, brought an exclamation of astonishment from the lieutenant.

Never in his life had he seen such a pair of arms on a youth of Dick's age. They were half again larger than

his own, and it was evident to even his mind that Dick must be phenomenally strong.

As the exclamation escaped the young lieutenant, Bob grinned and nodded his head.

"Oh, he'll warm you!" he exclaimed. "By the time he gets through with you, you won't be in any condition to call me to an account."

"I'll show you!" cried Winfield Mortimer, angrily. "I may not be as heavy or as strong, but I was one of the best amateur sparrers in all England, and I will give him the best thrashing you ever saw a fellow get."

"Talk is cheap," said Dick, quietly; "just go ahead now, and see how quickly you will find out your mistake."

"It is England against America!" cried Bob. "And I'll bet on America, every time!"

With a cry of anger, the lieutenant attacked Dick.

CHAPTER II.

AMERICA WINS.

The redcoat attacked with the ferocity of a tiger.

He struck out rapidly and fiercely.

When the lieutenant said that he was one of the best amateur sparrers ever turned out by England, he may have told the truth, but the manner in which he attacked Dick did not go to prove it.

He attacked his opponent in the fashion that might have been expected of one who had no knowledge whatever of sparring.

It may have been, however, that he thought his opponent knew nothing of the manly art of self-defense, and it would not be necessary to use science.

If he thought thus, there was where he made the biggest kind of a mistake, for Dick was a splendid boxer, and had, in fact, never met his match at the game.

Dick knew exactly how to meet the attack which was being made upon him.

If he had had the ordering of the conduct of his opponent he could not have had him act more to his liking.

Dick gave ground for a few moments.

He ducked, dodged and evaded the fierce blows of the other.

He did not have much trouble in preventing the lieutenant from inflicting much damage.

Dick was willing to wait.

He knew it would come his turn very shortly.

And it did.

Presently, in spite of the fact that Winfield Mortimer was young and in the best of health, he became winded by his exertions and was forced to drop his hands.

Although he had done his best to inflict damage on Dick, he had failed, signally.

Not a single blow, capable of inflicting injury, had he been able to land.

Dick had been waiting for this opportunity.

He took advantage of it instantly.

Quick as a flash of lightning his right fist shot out.

It struck the lieutenant fair between the eyes.

Crack!

Down went the youthful redcoat as if he had been struck by a sledgehammer.

"Great guns, what a lick!" exclaimed Bob, in delight. "Say, Dick, I guess he is the fellow who is going to receive the lesson."

The old boatman's underjaw dropped.

He stared at Dick in open-mouthed amazement.

"Waal, I swan!" he half gasped. "I wouldn't never 'a' thort ennybody c'u'd 'a' hit sech er lick ez thet."

"Oh, that's nothing!" declared Bob. "That was just a little love tap; that was intended just as a sort of hint regarding what he may expect later on."

"Waal, ef et wuz me, thar wouldn't be enny 'later on' bizness erbout et," the boatman declared.

"Well, I think you are smarter than this youthful scion of a noble family will prove to be," said Bob; "the chances are that his 'blue blood' will not permit him to act as a sensible person should, and the result will be that Dick will have to down him at least one more time before he will be willing to give it up."

"Waal, one lick like thet would be ernough fur me, ye bet!"

But it did not satisfy Lieutenant Winfield Mortimer.

He was not yet willing to give it up and acknowledge himself beaten.

After lying flat on his back on the ground for a few moments, and witnessing a meteoric display such as he had never before seen, the lieutenant scrambled to his feet.

The blow between the eyes had not improved his beauty any.

His eyes were already becoming swollen and discolored.

It was evident that he would soon have as beautiful a pair of black eyes as ever graced a human being.

He was wild with rage.

He was eager for revenge.

"I'll make you suffer for that!" he cried, fiercely. "It

was a chance blow and you couldn't hit me again in a week."

"Say, you're a bigger fool than I thought you were," said Bob. "I guess, though, by the time he gives you another clip or two like that, you will be willing to admit that it was not an accident."

"You're making the biggest kind of a mistake, if you think that," said Dick, smiling into the eyes of the lieutenant; "I don't care about inflicting any more damage upon you, but if you will have it, all right; I will do my best to prove to you that there was nothing accidental about the affair."

"Bah! you cannot turn me from my purpose so easily!" grated the redcoat. "I am going to give you the thrashing I promised you."

The lieutenant had recovered his wind by this time and he again attacked Dick.

This time, however, he exercised more caution.

He advanced slowly and sparred for an opening.

This, of itself, was proof that he had not told the truth when he said that he thought the blow which Dick had dealt him was a chance one.

Still he did not believe that his opponent could possibly know much regarding the noble art of self-defense.

Dick speedily undeceived him.

He soon proved himself the equal if not the superior of the British youth.

Dick was a fine sparrer.

He had all the tricks of the boxer's game at his finger ends.

Try as he might, the lieutenant could not find the opening he was so anxiously seeking.

All his feints, trick leads and fancy work availed him nothing.

Dick was not to be fooled, nor would he walk into a trap.

Dick waited until the other had exhausted all his repertoire and then he took the offensive.

He began striking at his opponent, rapidly and fiercely.

Dick struck perhaps fifty blows, none of which did any particular damage.

He did not intend that they should.

Fierce though they seemed to be, they were merely in the nature of a brilliant parade, and were intended to make way for and mask the really dangerous strokes which were to come later.

Lieutenant Mortimer was confused and disconcerted by the seeming fury of Dick's attack, and gave way before it.

When Dick suddenly ceased striking, however, his opponent gathered courage, thinking that the attack had exhausted itself.

He was quickly undeceived.

Suddenly Dick's right fist shot out, straight for the lieutenant's jaw.

It was a feint, but the lieutenant thought it was a genuine lead, and threw up his left arm to ward it off.

Quick as a flash, Dick struck out with his left arm.

He struck with all his force, and his fist, striking his opponent at the pit of the stomach, doubled him up like a jack-knife and hurled him backward with great force.

Down sat the lieutenant with more force than elegance, a cry of pain escaping him.

Clasping his hands over his stomach, he kicked and floundered about in a desperate effort to catch his breath, practically all of the wind being knocked out of him by the terrific stroke.

The old boatman grunted.

"Humph!" he said, "I knowed he'd git et; et'd 'a' be'n better fur him ef he'd 'a' acknowledged himself beat erwhile ergo."

"Oh, but the only way you can get sense into the heads of some people is by beating it in, you know," said Bob. "I guess he'll be satisfied to own up beaten now."

"I reckon so, ef he hez enny sense ertall, he will."

It was half a minute at least before the lieutenant succeeded in catching his breath, and it was two or three minutes before he was able to get up.

As soon as the lieutenant was on his feet, Dick advanced and faced him.

"Well," he said, briskly, "I suppose you are ready to go ahead now."

The young redcoat looked as if he were anything but ready.

A sicker-looking youth it would have been hard to find. When Dick asked him the question, he shook his head.

"No, I'm not ready to go on," he said.

Dick pretended to be surprised.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you have had enough, do you? Why, I am only just beginning to get warmed up."

A curse escaped the lips of the redcoat.

He was bitterly disappointed.

A feeling of rage had possession of him.

He felt like leaping at Dick's throat and attempting to throttle him.

He did not dare do it, however.

He had already had a taste of Dick's quality, and did not desire to test his abilities farther.

"I've had enough," he said, doggedly.

"Oh, very well," replied Dick; "I just thought that I

would accommodate you if you wished anything more. If you are satisfied, that settles it."

"Ef he hain't satersfied, he's er hog," muttered the old boatman.

"I'm satisfied," Lieutenant Mortimer said, sullenly.

"Very good," said Dick; "and now I shall have to tie your hands together behind your back. You are our prisoner, you know."

The young officer looked as if he would like to cut and run for it, but a glance at Bob who held his pistols in readiness for instant use convinced him that it would be suicidal to make the attempt.

Dick got a piece of rope out of the boat and bound the prisoner's wrists together behind his back.

"Now, Bob, we'll search him," the youth said; "he may be the bearer of important despatches from General Howe at New York to the commanding officer at New Brunswick."

CHAPTER III.

INTO DANGER.

The lieutenant entered a protest at once.

"By what right do you do such a thing?" he asked.

"You will be sorry for what you have done this day!"

"I hardly think so," said Dick, quietly.

Then he began searching the young redcoat.

Dick found no message to the commander at New Brunswick from General Howe, but he found papers which told all about the young lieutenant.

Dick read all the papers and documents, and presently he called Bob to one side.

"Bob," he said, "I have a scheme."

"What is it, Dick?"

Bob looked eager and interested.

"I'll tell you: You see the lieutenant there?"

"Yes."

"He has just come over from England."

"He has?"

"Yes; he reached New York three days ago, and is on his way to join the army at New Brunswick."

"I see."

"He is, as I have just said, newly arrived in this country, and, as a natural consequence, he is a stranger to the officers and men at New Brunswick."

Bob started.

His face lighted up.

"I know what your scheme is, for a thousand!" he exclaimed.

Dick smiled.

"What?" he asked.

"You are thinking of taking the lieutenant's place and going into New Brunswick and impersonating him."

Dick nodded.

"Right," he said; "don't you think it a good scheme?"

"Yes, but a dangerous one."

Dick snapped his fingers.

"That for the danger," he remarked; "I don't really believe there will be a great deal of danger attached to the affair, though, Bob," he added.

Bob pondered a few moments.

"Well," he said, slowly, "if the young fellow is unknown there, it will not be so very dangerous; but if it should happen that he is known, then you would simply be running your head into a noose."

"True; but I don't think he is known there."

"He may have relatives in the ranks, you know; or among the officers."

"More likely among the officers, if at all, Bob. Remember, his blue blood!"

Bob grinned.

"That's so; I forgot that," he said.

"The young fellow's clothes will just about fit me, Bob," remarked Dick, with a speculative glance at the lieutenant.

"Yes; they'll be a little tight, but I think you will be able to wear them, all right."

"I think so; well, Bob, I am going to risk the affair, come what may."

Dick spoke decidedly.

Bob knew that when Dick spoke in this tone of voice there was not a bit of use of trying to argue him out of the notion.

"All right, Dick," he said. "And what am I to do?"

"You have a very important part to play, Bob; I shall depend upon you to take this young lieutenant to Morristown, and keep him there, a prisoner, until I return. If he should escape from you and reach New Brunswick while I am there, it would ruin all, and be the cause of me dancing on nothing at the end of a rope, in all probability."

"I'll take him to Morristown, all right, Dick," said Bob, confidently; "he'll not get away from me."

"All right; I am not afraid that he will do so, Bob, and now, wait a few moments, I wish to have a talk with the boatman, for if I am to put this thing through to a successful issue it will be necessary for me to get him to help me out by taking me on up to New Brunswick in the boat, the same as he was going to do with the lieutenant."

Bob looked disturbed.

"Aren't you afraid to risk that, Dick?" he asked. "He could expose you and cause your immediate capture, you know."

"Yes, but I don't think he will do so, Bob. I have watched him pretty closely, and have studied him, and I have come to the conclusion that he is a patriot at heart."

"In that case, it will be safe enough, I suppose."

"Undoubtedly; and now I will go and have a talk with him."

Dick called the boatman to one side.

"I wish to have a little talk with you," the youth said.

The man looked surprised, but followed Dick without a word.

Dick looked the old man searchingly in the eyes, when they had stopped and were facing each other.

"What is your name?" asked Dick.

"Tom Bunker," was the reply.

"Where do you live?"

"At Perth Amboy."

Dick paused a few seconds, and then asked:

"With which side are your sympathies in the war—with the Americans or with the British?"

The boatman grinned in a shrewd manner.

"I reckon I won't git myself inter no trubble ef I tell you ther trooth," he remarked; "I hev sized things up purty well, an' hev come ter ther conclushun thet ye two fellers air patriots, an' I don't min' tellin' ye thet them's my sentiments, too."

"Uv course, ye foun' me a-rowin' er young redcoat up ther river," he went on, before Dick could say anything, "but thet don't cut enny figger. Ye see, he prommissed ter pay me well fur doin' uv et, an' while I don't like ther Brittish, I kin say thet I do like their gold."

Dick nodded.

"Quite right," he said; "well, I had sized you up as being a patriot."

"Yer right erbout et, too."

"Very well; and such being the case, I judge it will be an easy matter to get you to help me out in a matter which I am about to engage in?"

"Yas, ef thar hain't too mutch danger."

"There will be no danger, whatever."

"Then ye kin count on me."

"Good! I'll tell you what I am going to do: I am a patriot spy, and——"

"Say," exclaimed the old boatman, suddenly and eagerly, "air ye Dick Slater?"

Dick nodded, smilingly.

"That is my name," he replied.

"Good enuff! I've heerd tell uv ye, Dick Slater, as bein' ther mos' darin' spy thet ever lived, an' ye kin count on me ter do everythin' I kin ter he'p ye out in ennythin' ye want ter do."

"All right; what I wish you to do is this: I am going to change clothing with that young lieutenant, and go on up to New Brunswick in his place and impersonate him."

"All right; I'll do et, ye bet!"

"Good! Of course you understand that you must not hint, by word or deed, that I am not the person you started from Perth Amboy with."

"I unnerstan'. Ye needn't be afeered uv me. I'll be ez silent ez death."

"All right."

Then Dick walked over to where Bob stood guard over the prisoner.

"It's all right," he said.

"Good enough!" said Bob.

Dick turned and faced the young redcoat.

"I am sorry to trouble you," he remarked, quietly, "but I am going to ask you to doff your outside clothing."

"For what reason?" asked the lieutenant, in surprise.

"I am going to trade with you."

"To trade with me!"

"Yes—exchange with you, you know."

The redcoat looked puzzled for a few moments.

Then suddenly he started, and gave Dick a sharp look.

"Surely you have no thought of——"

"Entering the British encampment and impersonating you?" smiled Dick. "Yes, that is exactly what I am going to do."

"You will go straight to your death!"

"I'll risk it."

"There are those there who know me, and they will detect the imposition immediately."

Dick smiled.

"You will pardon me if I say that I do not believe that statement," he said.

"You don't believe it?"

"I do not."

"You will find it to be the truth."

"I do not think so, and I will tell you why."

"Very well, tell me."

"If there were any in the encampment of the British who know you, you would have remained silent and allowed me to go on, and be detected and captured."

A sneer was on the face of the lieutenant.

It was plain that he was vexed, however.

"You think you are very smart, no doubt," he said, scornfully.

"Oh, no, I don't think I am so very smart," Dick replied, quietly; "I really think, though, that the scheme which I have thought of—of entering New Brunswick in your stead and impersonating you, is a clever one. It will enable me to play the spy, with every chance of being successful in securing much valuable information."

"You will be shot or hanged in less than twenty-four hours."

The lieutenant's words were uttered in a fierce and what he intended to be impressive manner, but Dick merely smiled.

"I am quite willing to take the risk," he said.

Stepping forward, Dick untied the rope which bound the redcoat's wrists.

"You will please remove your outer clothing," said Dick, in an authoritative tone of voice; "don't attempt to escape, or my comrade will put a pistol ball through you. He is a dead shot."

"And if I refuse to doff my clothing?"

"I will remove it by force."

Dick's tone was quiet and even, but it was determined, and the lieutenant realized that the youth meant what he said.

"I suppose I shall have to obey," he said, sullenly.

"It will be best," nodded Dick.

The young redcoat reluctantly removed his outer clothing.

Dick was engaged in the same work, and as he picked up the lieutenant's uniform he handed the clothing which he had just doffed over to the redcoat.

"A fair exchange is no robbery," smiled Dick; "put those on. I think you will find them comfortable."

The lieutenant seemed somewhat disgusted as he picked up the garments of homespun.

Doubtless, he had never expected that he would be called upon to wear such clothing.

"Oh, they won't bite you!" said Bob. "You needn't be afraid that your boasted 'blue blood' will be contaminated. I can tell you that the blood which flows in the veins of the fellow who just took those off is as good as the best that flows in the veins of any of your 'blue-blooded' Englishmen."

"Thanks, Bob, old man!" laughed Dick.

The old boatman nodded his head, as if he fully acquiesced in Bob's views on the subject under discussion.

The young lieutenant, however, to judge by his expression, did not think so.

He muttered something unintelligible, but made no reply.

Dick donned the lieutenant's uniform, and found that, while the clothes were a bit snug, they would do, nicely.

The lieutenant, however, did not get such a good fit; Dick's clothes being too loose on him.

"How do I look, Bob?" asked Dick, turning slowly around for Bob's inspection.

"Fine as silk, Dick!" was the reply.

"You think I will pass for a genuine redcoat?"

"Oh, yes; you will be safe from detection—unless you run up against some one who knows your face."

"There may be some in New Brunswick who knows me, Bob, but I hardly think so. I am willing to take the risk, anyway, for the sake of securing valuable information."

"There are those there who know me," said the lieutenant, "and as soon as you put in an appearance, and state that you are Lieutenant Winfield Mortimer, you will be in trouble."

Dick smiled.

"You said that before," he remarked, quietly.

"Yes, and if it was true, he wouldn't have said anything of the kind, Dick, you may be sure!" from Bob.

"That is the way I look at it, Bob."

"You'll see!" declared the lieutenant, sullenly.

"You are right; I intend to see whether or not you have told the truth," said Dick.

Then he turned to Bob.

"You had better start at once, Bob," he said; "you will have to be careful."

"I know it, Dick."

"Don't let the prisoner escape, and don't let the redcoats capture you."

"I won't; you may depend on it, Dick."

Dick now bound the lieutenant's hands together behind his back.

"You will do well to accompany my comrade quietly, and not try any tricks," he warned; "if you try to escape he will shoot you down as ruthlessly as though you were a mad dog."

Dick and Bob shook hands.

"Be careful, old man," said Bob. "Don't let the redcoats get the better of you."

"I'll try not to, Bob. Well, good-by, and take care of yourself."

"Good-by!"

Bob took the prisoner by the arm and led him away.

Fifty yards distant, in the timber, were a couple of horses.

Bob assisted the redcoat to mount, and then untying both animals, mounted the other horse.

Then he rode away, leading the horse ridden by the prisoner.

When the two had gone, Dick placed all the papers and documents which he had found in the pockets of the lieutenant, when he first searched him, back in the pockets,

Then he turned to the boatman.

"I am ready," he said; "let us start at once."

"All right; git in, sir," replied the boatman.

Dick did so, taking the seat at the stern.

The boatman followed, and, taking the oars, headed the boat up the river.

Dick Slater, the daring patriot spy, was going boldly into great danger.

CHAPTER IV.

DICK'S PLAN WORKS WELL.

It took the boatman but little more than half an hour to reach New Brunswick.

Dick paid the boatman, bade him good-by, and then made his way along the street leading up from the river.

Dick was pleased to note that the boatman did not tarry at New Brunswick.

He did not even get out of the boat, but, turning its head, rowed back down the river.

"Good! I'm glad of that," said Dick to himself. "There won't be any chance for him to be questioned; if he had stayed and got to talking, he might have unwittingly let the cat out of the bag."

Dick inquired the way to headquarters.

He was soon there.

He entered the presence of the British commander and introduced himself as Lieutenant Winfield Mortimer.

He said that he had reached New York only a few days before, and that Cornwallis had sent him to New Brunswick to join the army.

The commander greeted Dick pleasantly, conversed with him a few minutes, asked him a few questions, and then calling an orderly, told him to conduct Dick to certain quarters occupied by the younger officers.

"You will find a number of officers of about your own age, Lieutenant Mortimer," said the commander, "so you will not be long in feeling quite at home."

"Oh, I doubt not that I shall get along nicely, sir," said Dick.

The commander wrote a few words on a slip of paper and handed it to the orderly.

"Give that to Major Metcalf," he said. "He will see that Lieutenant Mortimer gets a room."

Dick saluted and followed the orderly out of the room.

They left the house and made their way up the street perhaps a block and a half.

The orderly paused in front of a large, two-story-and-a-half house, and, running up the steps, rang the bell.

Dick followed.

The door was opened by a colored man.

"Is Major Metcalf in?" asked the orderly.

"Yes, sah," replied the negro; "de majah am in de parlor, playing kyards, sah."

"Good! Show us in."

"All right, sah; come in, sah."

Dick and the orderly entered the house and the negro closed the door.

"Dis way, gemmen," the negro said, making his way along the hall.

Dick and the orderly followed and a few moments later were ushered into a room on the right-hand side of the hallway.

"Some gemmen to see Majah Metcalf," announced the negro.

Then he withdrew and closed the door.

Dick looked about him with interest.

There were perhaps a dozen British officers within the room.

Of these, four were seated at a table, playing cards.

They were men perhaps twenty-five to thirty years of age.

The others were younger, their ages being rather under than over twenty-one years.

Some were lolling in easy-chairs or on sofas, while a few were watching the game.

All were smoking.

The entrance of Dick and the orderly attracted their attention, and all looked at Dick, curiously.

He was a stranger, and his lieutenant's uniform was sufficient to arouse some curiosity regarding his identity.

Dick was watching them as closely as they were him, for he was afraid that there might be some one among them who had seen him at some former time.

He had been in New York City a number of times, playing the spy, during the past eight or ten months, and had become known to a number of redcoats.

Thus it will be readily seen that in coming into New Brunswick in the guise of Lieutenant Mortimer, from England, Dick Slater was taking long chances.

He drew a breath of relief after he had made a quick, searching glance around the room at the faces of those present.

All were strangers to him.

He had never, to his knowledge, seen any of the officers before.

The orderly advanced to the table and handed the note which the British commander had given him to one of the men.

"That is Major Metcalf," thought Dick; "well, he isn't a bad-looking fellow."

The major read what was written on the slip of paper, while the others looked at him with an air of expectant interest on their faces.

"Lieutenant Winfield Mortimer, just from old England, eh?" remarked the major, looking up at Dick. "Well, well, I am glad to welcome you, lieutenant!" and the officer rose and extended his hand, which Dick grasped.

"Gentlemen, this is Lieutenant Mortimer," said the major, and the rest all bowed and murmured something about being glad to meet the lieutenant.

"You wouldn't be, if you knew who I am!" thought Dick, grimly.

Aloud, he said, as he bowed, politely:

"Glad to greet you, gentlemen."

"Let's see," went on the major, "the commander says for me to find a room for you, lieutenant, but there is no room vacant."

Then he turned and looked at a young fellow with a lieutenant's uniform on.

"Lieutenant Malden, I believe you have an entire room to yourself, have you not?" he asked.

The lieutenant nodded.

"Yes," he replied.

"Good! Then I will put Lieutenant Mortimer in with you. Lieutenant Mortimer, Lieutenant Malden. I think you will be good friends."

The young officer, who was a frank-faced, handsome young fellow, stepped forward and shook hands with Dick.

"Glad to know you, Lieutenant Mortimer," he said; "and shall be delighted to have you for a room-mate."

"Thanks, Lieutenant Malden," said Dick; "I take pleasure in returning the compliment."

The young man glanced at Dick's portmanteau.

"We will go to our room, as you will wish to get your luggage out of the way; come!" and he led the way out of the room, Dick following.

He led the way upstairs, halfway along a hall, and then opened a door and ushered Dick into a fair-sized, well-furnished room.

"I guess you will be comfortable here," the young man said, with an air of satisfaction.

"I have no doubt of it," replied Dick.

"Here is a closet where you can hang your clothing," the lieutenant said.

"Very well, and thank you," replied Dick.

He unlocked his portmanteau and took the clothing out, a piece at a time, and hung them in the closet.

It was the first time Dick had seen the garments, but his companion did not suspect this, for the youth handled the clothing as carelessly as though he had done so many times before.

The clothing was all of a fine quality, and Lieutenant Malden was evidently impressed.

His air toward Dick became more free and friendly, and he laughed and talked as though he had known his companion a year.

Dick did not for one moment lose sight of the purpose for which he had risked entering the British encampment, and he asked many questions.

He succeeded in learning much that would be of service to him, and his companion did not suspect anything for the reason that it was only natural that a youth who was strange to everything would wish to ask many questions.

He gave Dick all the information within his power, and when Dick had finished making his toilet the lieutenant vouchsafed some further information.

"Before we go back down, I think I had better give you a little information," the lieutenant said.

"I shall be glad to receive it, I assure you," said Dick. Lieutenant Malden was silent for a few moments.

He seemed to be studying just what to say.

"How are you, a pretty good man?" he asked, abruptly. As he asked the question he ran his eyes over Dick's form. Dick was astonished.

He wondered why his companion should ask such a question.

"Well, yes, a fairly good man, I think," replied Dick, modestly; "of course, you know, I should not like to brag about myself."

Lieutenant Malden nodded.

"I understand," he said, "and I hope you are a good man, for, unfortunately, we are afflicted with a nuisance in the form of a bully who will, no doubt, seek an early opportunity to pick a fuss with you."

"You have reference to that black-eyed, heavy-set fellow who looks more like a Spaniard than an Englishman, do you not?" asked Dick, quietly.

Dick's companion started.

He looked at Dick in surprise.

"You have a sharp pair of eyes in your head," he said, admiringly. "Yes, that's the fellow, but I don't see how you picked him out so readily."

"Oh, that was easy enough," smiled Dick; "he has 'bully' written all over his face. I saw him looking at me, and was impressed at the time with the belief that he would seize the first opportunity to make a test of my quality."

"That is just what he will do, and I thought it no more than right to warn you so that you might not be taken altogether by surprise and at a disadvantage."

"Thank you," said Dick; "your kindness is appreciated, and I shall not forget it, I assure you, although I should not have been taken by surprise had you not spoken."

"Do you think you can hold your own with Lieutenant Brocksley?" asked Dick's companion, eagerly.

"So that is his name, Brocksley, eh? Well, I'm not much of a hand to boast, but it is my private belief that if Mr. Brocksley picks me up, thinking he is going to have an easy time with me, he will be making the biggest kind of a mistake."

"I hope so; I must say, however, that Brocksley is a dangerous opponent. He is strong, quick and a good sparrer, and has easily disposed of every one who has dared to stand up before him."

"He looks as though he might be a pretty good man," agreed Dick.

"He is. He is larger and stronger than you."

Dick smiled.

"Well, I don't know about that," he said, quietly; "I am pretty large when I get my coat off, and I have never yet found any one of my age who was stronger than I am."

Dick's companion looked dubious.

Brocksley is wonderfully strong," he said.

Dick saw that his companion was doubtful, so he threw off his coat and quietly rolled up his sleeve.

Lieutenant Malden watched the operation with interest.

When he got a good look at Dick's arm he uttered a cry of astonishment.

The size of the arm and the wonderful muscular development amazed him.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "I never saw such an arm as that; even Brocksley's is not to be compared with it. You must be wonderfully strong."

"I am," said Dick, quietly. "Pardon me!"

As he spoke, Dick took hold of Lieutenant Malden, and, without seemingly exerting himself, lifted the young fellow and raised him at arm's length above his head.

Then Dick lowered the lieutenant, placing him on his

feet as gently as though he were some rare piece of bric-a-brac which would break at the least jar.

"There," smiled Dick, "how is that?"

"That was all right. Say, I believe you are stronger than Brocksley."

Dick nodded.

"Unless he is stronger than I think he is, I certainly am," he acquiesced.

His air was quiet and modest, however.

There was no hint of boasting.

A sober look suddenly came over Lieutenant Malden's face.

"You are undoubtedly stronger than Brocksley," he said, "but in a sparring contest, strength does not count for a great deal when pitted against skill and strength combined."

Dick nodded.

"I understand," he said; "and this fellow, Brocksley, is a good sparrer?"

"Fine! He is an expert and has all the tricks of the boxer's art at his finger tips."

Lieutenant Malden said this in an impressive manner.

It was plain that he still had doubts about Dick being a match for the bully.

To his surprise, however, Dick did not seem to be at all alarmed.

This gave Lieutenant Malden an idea.

"Can you spar?" he asked, eagerly.

Dick nodded.

"I can do a thing or two in that line."

This was said with such an air of quiet confidence that the lieutenant leaped to the conclusion that Dick was probably an expert boxer.

"Do you think you are the equal of Brocksley?" he asked.

"Well, I could not say," replied Dick; "of course, I do not know how good a boxer he is. He may be better than I am at that kind of business, but I hope you will not consider that I am bigoted when I say that I do not think he is my superior at the boxing game."

"There is no danger of my thinking that, Lieutenant Mortimer," the other declared; "I do not think, from what I have seen of you, that you are one who is given to boasting."

"Well, you are right about that," agreed Dick; "I would prefer always that my deeds rather than words should speak for me, but I wish to prove to you that this fellow Brocksley will not be likely to have such an easy time of it when he attempts to thrash me."

"I am confident now that he will not have an easy time of it," the other said.

"I think you are right," agreed Dick; "I feel confident that when Mr. Brocksley attacks me, thinking that he will have an easy time disposing of me, he will make the biggest kind of a mistake."

"I think so, myself," said Lieutenant Malden, "and I heartily hope that such will prove to be the case."

"I think your hope will be realized," Dick said, in a quiet and confident tone of voice; "I really think that I shall be able to turn the tables on Mr. Brocksley, and I will say to you that I look forward to the encounter with pleasure rather than otherwise. If there is any one kind of person I hate worse than another it is a bully, and it will give me a great deal of pleasure to cut the comb of this fellow and prove to him that he is not such a mighty man as he thinks he is."

Lieutenant Malden looked at Dick, with admiring eyes.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "I believe you'll do it, all right, and if you do, all of the other fellows will be delighted. You will certainly not lack for friends if you succeed in giving Brocksley a thrashing."

"I am eager to make friends," said Dick, "and you may be sure that I shall do my best to give Mr. Brocksley the thrashing which he so richly deserves."

Dick rolled down the sleeves of his shirt and donned his coat.

"There," he said, "whenever you are ready, we will go down and give this mighty fighter the chance which he is undoubtedly eagerly waiting for."

"All right; we'll go down, but you'll have to look out for Brocksley. He is quicker than you think for, and his game, always, is to take his opponent by surprise; getting in the first blow, usually gives him a big advantage and enables him to wind up the encounter in his favor."

"Thanks," said Dick; "I'll look out for him. I'll see to it that he doesn't catch me napping."

"Very well; come along."

They went downstairs and making their way to the parlor, entered it.

As they entered, Lieutenant Brocksley, who was standing near the door, moved suddenly and bumped against Dick.

He was to blame—indeed, he had bumped against Dick purposely—but he pretended to think that the blame was Dick's and, whirling upon the youth, he cried:

"What do you mean by bumping against a gentleman, you clumsy boor? Why don't you look where you are going?"

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY.

The fellow's words were bad enough, but his tone and air, being arrogant and insulting to a degree, were worse.

His words were heard by every one in the room.

All looked at Dick to see what he would do.

They were not surprised by the action of the bully; indeed, they had expected him to do something of this kind.

He had stated before Dick came back downstairs that it was his intention to see what kind of material the new-comer was made of, at the very first opportunity.

Perhaps no one in the room was more eager to see what Dick would do than was his companion and room-mate, Lieutenant Malden.

There was an eager, expectant expression on his face as he watched Dick.

He, better than any other person, had a knowledge of the fact that the bullying lieutenant was likely to be treated to an unpleasant surprise.

It was not Dick's plan to be too eager to become engaged in a difficulty with Lieutenant Brocksley.

Instead of showing anger and responding hotly, Dick elevated his eyebrows, simulated a look of surprise and said, in the mildest manner imaginable:

"Were you speaking to me, sir?"

A look of amazement and disgust appeared on the face of Brocksley, while two or three of the younger officers snickered.

"Who else would I be speaking to?" growled Brocksley.

"Who else?"

"Yes, who?"

"Well, seeing that the appellation of boor will apply to you with a great deal more justness than it will to me, I thought perhaps you might be speaking to yourself."

Dick's tone was calm and even.

He made the statement in the most matter-of-fact manner.

He did not seem to be the least bit flurried or excited.

Those within the room stared at Dick in amazement.

His quiet manner, in the first place, had deceived them.

The idea had struck them that Dick would not dare show a bold front to Brocksley.

The manner in which the youth had got back at the bully, therefore, was a great surprise to them.

Of them all, however, Brocksley himself was perhaps the most surprised.

Dick's quiet air had deceived him, also.

Had the youth slapped him in the face it would not have surprised him much more, nor would it have angered him much more.

"Why, you insolent young scoundrel, do you dare call me a boor!" he cried, shaking his fist, threateningly, under Dick's nose.

"Why not?" asked Dick, coolly. "You called me a boor, did you not?"

"Yes, but——"

"But what?"

"That was different."

"In what way?" asked Dick.

"Why, you are a boor, just as I said, while I——"

"While you are a liar and a bully!"

A gasp of amazement escaped the spectators.

If the spectators were amazed, the bully was both amazed and angered.

Indeed, he was wild with rage.

"What's that! What's that!" he cried. "Do you dare talk to me in such a fashion?"

"Of course," replied Dick; "it doesn't take much daring to talk that way to a fellow like you."

"Oh, it doesn't, eh?"

"No."

"I guess you just think so because you don't know me."

"Oh, but I know you; I knew you the minute I laid eyes on you."

"You did, eh?"

Brocksley was trying to ape Dick's calmness, and he wished to give the spectators the impression that he was playing with Dick, as a cat plays with a mouse.

Dick nodded his head.

"I did," he replied; "I knew your breed the moment I looked at you; you have all the ear-marks of a bully. Indeed, the word is written all over your face."

This was bold talk.

It was so nearly a statement of the truth, too, that the other officers could not help exchanging glances.

As for Brocksley, he was rendered almost wild with rage.

He was so amazed, however, by Dick's temerity in thus addressing him, that for the moment he was incapable of action.

He stood as one temporarily paralyzed.

This feeling quickly left him, however, and with a snarl of rage he leaped forward.

Dick was not taken by surprise.

He had been watching Brocksley closely and knew the attack was going to be made, almost as quickly as the bully himself.

Brocksley did not strike out at Dick.

He leaped forward, with outstretched hands.

His intention was to grasp Dick by the throat and give him a good choking.

He did not deem Dick a foeman of sufficient importance to make it worth his while to enter into a game of fist-cuffs with.

His idea was to seize Dick by the throat and give him a good choking, shake him as a Newfoundland would a rat-terrier, and then toss him into a corner as though he were a bag of bran.

This was the programme, but he was unable to carry it out.

He was suddenly treated to one of the greatest surprises of his life.

Dick had quick eyes and hands.

As Brocksley leaped forward, with outstretched arms, Dick seized him by the wrists and hurled him backward.

Dick put all his wonderful strength into the effort—although no one who saw it suspected that such was the case, so seemingly without effort did he do it—and Brocksley was sent staggering clear across the room; indeed, he would probably have fallen had he not brought up against the wall.

A gasp of amazement escaped the spectators.

Lieutenant Malden, who had had a slight insight into the matter of Dick's wonderful strength, was, perhaps, the least surprised of all, but even he was amazed.

Brocksley steadied himself against the wall, and for a few moments stared at Dick with a look of wonder and amazement on his face.

It was evident that he was puzzled as well as amazed.

He could not understand the affair at all.

Never in his life had he been treated in this fashion.

Brocksley was not a fool, however.

Even though a bully, he was gifted with considerable shrewdness.

He realized now that he had encountered a youth who was at least fully as strong as himself.

It would not do, therefore, to give the youth a chance to use his strength.

"He probably knows nothing whatever about sparring," thought Brocksley, "so I will engage him in a contest of that kind."

The spectators were watching Brocksley, with breathless interest.

They wished to see what he would do.

They had got it into their heads that the youth whom they knew as Lieutenant Mortimer would be able to give Brocksley the fight of his life, and they were eager to see what would come of the affair.

Brocksley left his position by the wall, and, striding across the room, confronted Dick.

All expected to see him begin striking the youth, but the bully held himself in check.

Instead of striking at Dick, he glared at him fiercely and said:

"You're strong enough, Lieutenant Mortimer, and you played a nice trick on me, I will admit, but you will not play another on me. I demand that you give me satisfaction; and if you dare to meet me, I will give you a thrashing, the memory of which will live with you as long as you live."

"That is what you say," remarked Dick, quietly.

"It is a fact."

"Perhaps."

"There's no 'perhaps' about it."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"Oh, no, you do not; you cannot know anything about it until after the affair is over. For instance: A few moments ago you were sure that you were going to seize me by the throat and give me a good choking—is not that the case?"

"Yes, but I——"

"You slipped up on it, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I won't slip——"

"Yes, you will," interrupted Dick, in the most matter-of-fact manner imaginable; "you will slip up on giving me a thrashing, just the same as you did on giving me the choking. But, of course, I don't expect you to believe it until you have made the trial."

"Bah!" disdainfully. "You'll fight me, then?"

"Certainly; and I'll give you the thrashing you so richly deserve, too."

The officers stared.

Dick had not spoken in a boastful way.

He had spoken as if he had every confidence in the world that he would be able to make his words good.

Brocksley was rendered almost furious by the cool, confident air with which Dick spoke.

"You're the most insolent fellow I ever saw, and the most bigoted; but if you have sufficient courage to come out in the back yard and face me, I will quickly take that all out of you!"

Dick laughed.

"If you could fight as well as you can talk, you would be really dangerous," he said, quietly. "Like most bullies you are a big boaster, and I doubt not, that at heart you are pretty much of a coward as well."

A hoarse growl of rage escaped Brocksley.

"Come out into the back yard and I'll make you suffer for those words!" he cried.

"Lead on," said Dick, calmly; "I will follow."

All adjourned to the back yard at once, and the youths began to strip for the fight.

CHAPTER VI.

DICK THRASHES THE BULLY.

When Dick had doffed his coat and began rolling up his sleeves, a murmur of astonishment went up from the spectators.

"Jupiter Pluvius, what arms!" exclaimed a young lieutenant.

"I never saw the like!" exclaimed another of the officers.

"By Jove! I rather think Brocksley has got himself into trouble this time," said Major Metcalf to the officer by whose side he stood.

"Yes, if the young fellow knows anything about sparring," was the reply.

"Well, I doubt not that he does; he looks like a fellow who knows what he is about."

"You are right."

When Brocksley caught sight of Dick's arms, he was surprised.

A sullen, dissatisfied look appeared on his face.

"The scoundrel is certainly strong enough," Brocksley thought; "he has a fine pair of arms, no doubt about that, but the chances are ten to one that he doesn't know anything about sparring. In that case, I'll have no trouble in giving him a thrashing, as his strength will avail him nothing."

When the youths had finished stripping for the encounter, they stepped forward and confronted each other.

"Are you ready to receive a good thrashing?" asked Brocksley, with a sneer.

"I am ready to give you the chance to make the attempt to thrash me," was Dick's calm reply.

"Oh, I'm going to do it; there's no doubt about that."

The fellow's tone and air were arrogant in the extreme.

He evidently had full confidence in his ability to make his words good.

"I hate to dispute any one's word," remarked Dick, "but I must say that there is considerable doubt about the matter."

"Bah! I'll thrash you without any trouble at all. Really, if you were as good a fighter as you are a boaster, there might be some chance for you."

Dick's tone was cool and calm, and he looked Brocksley straight in the eyes as he spoke.

Major Metcalf and some of the older officers laughed.

"He's a cool one," remarked the major, in a low tone, to the man who stood next to him.

"Yes, and he tells the truth once in a while."

A hoarse growl of rage escaped Brocksley.

The coolness and utter fearlessness of his opponent-to-be, angered him greatly.

"I'll quickly show you that I am not boasting!" he growled. "I'm going to give you the worst thrashing you ever had. I'll teach you that Herbert Brocksley is a dangerous man to insult or tamper with."

Dick's lip curled.

He gave Brocksley a look of scorn.

"Do you know," he remarked, coldly and cuttingly, "you are wearying me with your talk; if you are going to do anything, do it; stop boasting and get to work."

Brocksley's face flushed and his eyes glittered, wickedly.

He immediately squared off in a scientific manner.

"All right," he growled, "I'll get to work, and I give you my word that when I do get to work you'll wish that I hadn't done so."

"Still talking," said Dick, sarcastically; "these gentlemen will begin to think that is all you can do."

With a snarl of rage, Brocksley leaped forward.

He began striking out at Dick, rapidly and fiercely.

Evidently he thought he would carry things by storm.

It was doubtless his belief that Dick knew nothing of the art of self-defense and that he would have no difficulty in beating his opponent down.

He was destined to meet with a surprise, however.

To his amazement, his blows did not reach the object for which they were intended.

Dick was cool-headed and calm.

He understood the other's game and for the present made no effort to return the blows.

He contented himself with simply keeping out of harm's way.

Dick was as light on his feet as a dancing master.

He ducked, dodged, evaded and parried the fierce blows of his opponent, and at the same time he gave ground before him.

He leaped this way and that, was here, there and everywhere.

It was a wonderful exhibition.

The spectators were delighted.

They began to realize that the supposed Lieutenant Mortimer was a wonderful youth.

They would not have believed it possible for any person

to be showered with blows, as Dick was being, and still escape being struck in a way that would inflict damage.

The youth was doing it, however, and he did not seem to be working very hard, either.

So graceful and easy was Dick in all his movements that it really seemed as though he was not exerting himself in the least.

Brocksley, on the contrary, was exerting himself to an extraordinary degree.

He began to understand that his antagonist was no ordinary youth.

The knowledge made him wild with anger.

His heart swelled with rage.

He made frantic efforts to land on Dick.

Striking fiercely and rapidly, and hitting nothing more solid than the empty air, is about the most fatiguing work that a person can do.

Brocksley, although a fellow who kept himself in pretty good shape, physically, was becoming very tired.

Presently he became so exhausted that he was forced to stop.

As he did so, he let his hands drop to his side.

It seemed to him they weighed a ton.

This was what Dick had been waiting for.

He was quick to improve the opportunity.

He took a quick step forward.

Then his right arm shot out.

Straight as a bullet to the mark went the youth's fist.

It struck Brocksley fair between the eyes, with a smack that sounded like a pistol crack.

It was a terrible blow.

Down upon his back went Brocksley as if he had been struck with a sledgehammer.

Exclamations of wonder and amazement escaped the spectators.

"Jove, what a blow!"

"It was as pretty a stroke as ever I saw."

"It was almost as hard as the kick of a horse."

"I wonder what Brocksley thinks now?"

Brocksley lay where he had fallen.

He seemed to be dazed by the blow and the shock of the fall.

He gazed straight upward, and winked and blinked after the fashion of an owl when suddenly exposed to a bright light.

Doubtless he was witnessing a brilliant meteoric display.

Dick, after striking the blow, had stepped back and stood with his arms folded low on his chest.

His room-mate, Malden, stood near by.

That he was delighted was evident by the look on his face.

He could not remain silent.

"That was a glorious blow, old fellow!" he said. "I hope you will be able to do it again."

Dick smiled.

"You need not be afraid," he answered; "I will not have any trouble in doing it again."

"You lie!" cried Brocksley, suddenly assuming a sitting posture. "It was an accident, and you know it; you couldn't hit me again if you tried a week."

"I assure you that you are wrong," said Dick, in the quietest tone imaginable; "but, of course, the only way to make you believe so is by proving it to you."

"You can't do it!"

"Get up," said Dick, nonchalantly; "I'm not much of a hand at arguing, as a rule, but I think that I will be able to demonstrate to your satisfaction that what I have said is true."

The spectators laughed.

They were evidently of the opinion that Dick would be able to make his words good.

Brocksley scrambled to his feet.

There was a fierce scowl upon his face.

Then, too, Dick's fist had left its mark upon the fellow's face.

The flesh about his eyes was already becoming swollen and discolored.

It was evident that Brocksley was destined to sport as fine a pair of black eyes as ever graced a man's face.

He was not thinking of this now, however.

His sole thought was to get at Dick and inflict serious damage upon him.

Brocksley was not a fool, however.

Deep down in his heart he had a doubt of his ability to get the better of his opponent.

To do Brocksley justice, however, he was far from being a coward.

He had considerable backbone, and had no idea of giving up and acknowledging himself beaten.

He knew that if he were to do this his comrades would brand him a coward, and this he could not have endured.

So as soon as he was on his feet he advanced to the attack.

He did not rush in like a mad bull this time, however.

He had learned wisdom.

No more wild, reckless swinging for him.

He would bring his skill into play, and would see if he could not get the better of his opponent in that way.

He could not believe that Dick could possibly be his equal when it came to scientific sparring.

He went at Dick carefully and began feinting in a manner which he intended should confuse his opponent.

He might as well have saved himself the trouble.

Although Dick had never had the benefit of instruction from a sparring master, he was yet as good a boxer as could have been found in America.

The art had seemed natural to him.

The result was that when Brocksley began his tactics, of making a sparring game of it, Dick met him more than half way.

The feints and feint leads did not bother Dick in the least.

When Brocksley discovered that this was the case, he became angrier than ever, and when Dick made a series of feints, and ended up by hitting him two stinging blows in the face, he was wild.

He forgot the fate that had overtaken him before, and again rushed at his opponent with all the ferocity of a maddened bull.

He struck out, fiercely and wildly, and, as before, Dick gave ground for a while.

He knew Brocksley would soon exhaust himself, when he could get in his work as he had done in the former instance.

This proved to be the case.

The lieutenant was forced, presently, to pause on account of the fact that he was so tired he could not continue.

This was Dick's opportunity.

He was prompt to avail himself of it.

He stepped forward and made a pass with his right fist full at the face of his opponent.

As the youth had anticipated, Brocksley threw up his arm to ward the stroke off, and then, quick as a flash, out shot Dick's left fist.

It landed fair on the "mark," the pit of the stomach, and Brocksley was hurled backward as though he had been kicked by a horse.

The stroke was a terrible one, but it was not all he was to receive.

Dick was bent on finishing the affair up, and as his opponent doubled slightly forward, as he was hurled backward, the youth's right fist shot out.

It landed with great force on the point of Brocksley's jaw, and down the fellow went with a crash.

Cries of wonder escaped the spectators,

They had never seen two more powerful blows delivered.

And that the blows were effective was evident, for Brocksley lay still where he had fallen.

Major Metcalf stepped forward and knelt by the side of the fallen man.

"I hope you haven't killed the fellow, Mortimer," he said; "not that it would be such a terrible loss, but it would be likely to get you into trouble."

"I don't think there is any danger that he is dead," replied Dick; "he is insensible, that is all. He will be all right in a few minutes."

"I hope so."

The major bent over and placed his ear over Brocksley's heart.

He listened a few moments, while the spectators waited and watched with eager interest.

Presently the officer lifted his head.

"His heart is beating," he said, quietly; "I guess he will come around, all right."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said Dick, "though I was certain that such would prove to be the case. I have seen a good many men knocked senseless by a blow, in this same manner, and I have never yet seen one who was seriously injured."

The officers looked at Dick, with curiosity on their faces.

They shrewdly suspected that the youth had figured in the role of the hero of some of the cases he mentioned, and the thought came to them: What manner of youth was this young lieutenant?

Evidently he was no common fellow.

He had demonstrated this to the satisfaction of all.

Perhaps five minutes passed, and then Brocksley opened his eyes.

He looked about him, wonderingly.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Is that you, major? Jove, my jaw feels like it was broken!"

He felt his jaw, gingerly, as he spoke.

"Ah, I remember now!" he suddenly exclaimed, and then he rose to a sitting posture.

His eyes fell on Dick, who stood near by, his arms folded, a calm look on his face.

He looked at Dick in a wondering manner; his eyes were badly swollen, but he could still see as good as ever.

Then he shook his head.

"I don't understand it," he said; "I am a bigger man than you, but I could do nothing with you."

"You are not much bigger," said Dick; "in truth, I doubt if you are any heavier."

"Perhaps not."

Then Brocksley rose slowly to a standing posture.

All watched him with interest.

Would he be willing to try conclusions again with the youth who had gotten the better of him?

They did not think it probable.

"If he has any sense at all, he won't try it," was their thought.

"Well," said Dick, quietly, "are you ready to continue the contest?"

Brocksley shook his head.

"No, you will have to excuse me," he said, somewhat bitterly; "I shall have to call the matter settled for the present, but," with a glance around at the faces of the officers, "I don't want any gentleman here to doubt my courage in this matter. I know I have got the worst of this, and as I am so weak from that blow you gave me in the stomach that I can hardly stand, it would be the height of folly for me to continue."

"Indeed, yes," acquiesced Dick, politely; "and I do not think any one will doubt your courage if you quit now. I will say, further, that if at any time in the future you feel that you would like a chance to have another try at me, I shall be only too pleased to accommodate you."

A murmur of admiration went up from the officers at this.

They were beginning to think that "Lieutenant Mortimer" was a most extraordinary young man, to say the least.

"Thank you!" said Brocksley, with an attempt at apeing the politeness of the other.

Then all went back into the house, Major Metcalf assisting Brocksley, for he was so weak he could hardly walk.

The defeated youth went at once to his room, and so did Dick and his friend and room-mate, Malden.

It was time to make their toilets for supper, and as they were thus engaged, Lieutenant Malden could talk of nothing else save the wonderful manner in which Dick had handled the bullying lieutenant.

"I don't think he will try to play the bully any more for a while!" declared Malden, in a tone of satisfaction.

"I rather think, myself, that the lesson he learned this evening will be of benefit to him," said Dick, quietly.

"Oh, it will, no doubt whatever regarding that!" said Malden.

Then they went downstairs to supper.

CHAPTER VII.

ACQUIRING INFORMATION.

Lieutenant Brocksley did not come down to supper.

He felt the sting of defeat so keenly that he did not wish to be where he could be seen.

Then, too, his face was a sight to see and he did not wish it to be seen.

This left the officers free to talk without reserve, and they complimented Dick in unmeasured terms.

"I am glad you came, Lieutenant Mortimer," said Major Metcalf, slapping Dick on the shoulder; "that fellow Brocksley has been playing the bully here all winter, and it was high time that a stop was put to it."

"The major is right," said another of the officers, "and I am glad Brocksley got a good thrashing; it is exactly what he has long been needing."

"I never seek trouble," said Dick, modestly; "but whenever any one goes out of his way and seeks trouble with me, I am always ready to do my best to make it interesting for him."

"I'll warrant you always do it, too," laughed the major.

It was evident that they had made up their minds to make a hero of Dick.

This suited the youth very well—not that he cared about being regarded as a hero, but for the reason that he wished to stand well with the redcoats.

He was a patriot spy in the enemy's camp, and anything that would tend to keep suspicion from being fastened upon him was welcomed by Dick.

Consequently he was glad that the trouble with Brocksley had come up, as it had placed him high in the good graces of the British officers.

They would not be likely to suspect him now.

Dick soon got acquainted with all the officers, and found them to be a jolly set of fellows.

He asked as many questions as he dared, and in this way procured a great deal of valuable information.

His questions were only natural, the officers thought, for they understood he was just over from England, and would naturally have no knowledge of the local situation.

They answered all Dick's questions, promptly and frankly, and did their best to enlighten him.

"I wonder what they would say if they were to suddenly become aware of the fact that I am a patriot spy?" thought Dick. "I judge it would create a sensation."

There is little doubt but that he was right.

After supper, Dick and Lieutenant Malden took a walk about the town.

Dick took in everything.

His keen eyes missed nothing.

He was not backward about asking questions, either.

His companion was a frank, innocent-minded fellow, utterly unsuspecting by nature.

Then, too, he had the greatest admiration for the youth

who had given the bully, Brocksley, such a severe thrashing.

He was eager to answer Dick's questions, and, in addition, volunteered much information on his own hook.

Presently they reached the extreme north edge of the town.

"I guess we have gone far enough in this direction," said Dick, as they came to a stop.

Then he pointed to a low, massively constructed stone building.

"What building is that?" he asked. "Surely that is not a residence?"

Dick knew it was not a residence, but he wished to find out what the building was used for.

"That," said Malden, "why, that is a storehouse."

"A storehouse?"

Dick pretended like he did not understand.

Of course, his companion thought this nothing strange, as Dick was supposed to be just over from England, and new to the country.

"Yes, a storehouse," Malden replied; "a place where arms, ammunition and provisions are stored, you know."

"Ah, I see. And are there any stores in there now?"

"Oh, yes; quite a good deal."

"Who are those men, yonder?" asked Dick, pointing to four men who were pacing backward and forward.

"Oh, those are the sentinels; the men who are on guard over the storehouse, you know."

"Ah, yes, I see."

The two turned and slowly retraced their footsteps.

Dick did not have much to say, answering his companion's questions in monosyllables.

He was turning over a scheme in his mind.

Just at that time the patriot army was sadly in need of provisions.

Arms and ammunition, of course, were always in demand.

If such a thing could be as that he and his "Liberty Boys" could, in some manner, succeed in securing the arms, ammunition and stores in the British storehouse, it would be a big feather in their caps.

It would be a great haul, indeed, and Dick was inclined to believe that it could be accomplished.

Of course, it would be an extremely dangerous affair to try to take a lot of stores right out from under the nose, as it were, of the entire British army, but it was such work as this that Dick and his "Liberty Boys" delighted in.

"I'll think the matter over," thought Dick, "and if it seems to me, after due investigation, that the attempt is feasible, we will make a try at it, anyhow."

They returned to their quarters, and after sitting in

the parlor and listening to songs and stories from the officers till about eleven o'clock, Dick and his room-mate, Malden, went to bed.

Malden had taken a great fancy to Dick, and kept with him all the next day.

They were everywhere in the town and encampment, and Dick succeeded in securing a lot of valuable information.

Dick had been very much afraid that he would be seen by somebody who knew him, and recognized during the time he was circulating through the town, but fortunately nothing of the kind occurred.

If there was any one in the British encampment who knew Dick, the youth had been lucky enough not to encounter him.

"Fortune has favored me," thought Dick, "and as there are a few more things I wish to learn, before leaving New Brunswick, I guess I will remain here another day."

The evening was spent in the same fashion as the one before had been.

The officers were all gathered together in the parlor, and singing, story-telling and card-playing were engaged in.

"By the way, I was up to see Brocksley a while ago," said Major Metcalf, addressing Dick.

"Ah, indeed?" remarked Dick.

"Yes; his face looks about normal again, but I judge he must have had a beautiful pair of black eyes."

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed Dick; "I did strike him pretty hard."

"Pretty hard! Well, I should say so. I don't believe I ever saw a harder blow struck in my life."

"How did he seem, major?" asked another of the officers. "Sulky, eh?"

"Yes, rather sullen and glum-like."

"Did he say anything about Mortimer?" asked another officer.

"Well, nothing in particular; he didn't have much to say at all."

"What inference did you get from what he did say? Do you think he will let the matter between himself and Mortimer drop, or will he have another try in an attempt to get even?"

"Well, I can hardly say; he seemed quiet enough, but underneath the surface he is, I judge, considerably worked up. It wouldn't surprise me if he made one more try at Mortimer."

"The more fool he is if he does," said one of the younger officers.

"That is what I think," said Lieutenant Malden.

"I shall be ready to give him satisfaction at any time," said Dick, quietly.

"None of us doubt that," laughed Major Metcalf; "neither do we doubt that you will be able to give him all the satisfaction he craves."

"That's right," chorused the officers.

"What do you think he will do?" asked Dick. "Surely he won't wish to try the sparring game again."

Major Metcalf shook his head.

"No," he said, "my opinion is that he will challenge you to a duel."

All looked at Dick, with eager interest.

They wished to see how he received this bit of information.

They were well satisfied with the result of their scrutiny.

Dick did not betray the least sign of uneasiness.

He did not start or seem surprised or alarmed.

"I had an idea he might challenge me," said Dick, quietly.

"How are you with weapons," asked the major; "pretty good hand with sword or pistol?"

"Pretty fair; good enough so that I will be able to hold up my end with Mr. Brocksley, I judge."

"Good!" exclaimed the major. "I'm glad to hear that."

So were the others, evidently, for they nodded their heads approvingly and seemed pleased by Dick's statement.

"Have you ever figured in a duel?" asked the major.

Dick nodded.

"Once or twice," he replied, quietly.

"How did you come out?"

All listened eagerly for Dick's reply.

The youth smiled.

"I held my own," was all he said, but the inference his hearers drew from Dick's words was that he had a good deal more than held his own.

The British officers were more than ever of the opinion that the supposed Lieutenant Mortimer was a remarkable youth.

At about eleven o'clock Dick and Lieutenant Malden went up to their room.

They were on the point of beginning to get ready for bed when they were suddenly startled by hearing trampling feet in the hall and the sound of excited voices.

"What can that mean, I wonder?" asked Malden, in surprise.

"I don't know," replied Dick.

He was quick-witted, however, and a sudden suspicion entered his mind.

Rising quickly, he stepped to the door and opened it a few inches.

As he did so he heard a loud voice ask:

"Is there any one here by the name of Lieutenant Winfield Mortimer?"

"Yes," came the reply in the voice of Major Metcalf; "he is upstairs. What about him?"

"What about him? Why, just this: He is not Lieutenant Mortimer, at all."

"He isn't?"

Major Metcalf's tone expressed surprise.

"No."

"Then, who is he?"

"He is a rebel spy, and his name is Dick Slater!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DICK A PRISONER.

Dick closed the door, quickly, and bolted it.

Then he turned toward his room-mate.

Lieutenant Malden had heard what had been said, Dick knew by the expression on his face.

There was a sort of horrified, disappointed expression there.

"Is—is it true?" he asked.

Dick nodded.

"It is true, Lieutenant Malden," replied Dick quietly; and then he said:

"I am going to try to escape; how shall I treat you? Will you attempt to prevent me from doing so?"

The lieutenant shook his head.

"No; I would prefer to assist you to escape, old fellow, if it would not be treason to do so," was the prompt reply.

"You may be sure I shall not do anything to interfere with you."

"All right; and thank you!" said Dick. "And now, good-by. Take care of yourself."

"I'll do so; but it is you who will have to do that."

"I shall do my best to do so, old fellow."

The two shook hands, and then Dick leaped to the window.

As he did so, there came the sound of hurrying footsteps in the hall, and the sound of excited voices.

"He can't get away," the youths heard a voice say; "we have him in a trap!"

"Maybe so, and maybe not!" thought Dick, grimly.

quickly and as noiselessly as possible raised the window. Dick had already made an examination of the lay of the land.

He had done this the day before.

He was always cautious and far-seeing.

He had thought it possible that he might have to leave suddenly, and had wished to know what he would have to encounter in case it happened that way.

He knew just what lay before him, therefore, when he looked out through the open window.

He put the window down and said that you don't know where I went—that I didn't enter the room with you a few minutes ago," said Dick to the lieutenant, who had entered the room and stood near, watching Dick, with a stern expression on his frank, handsome face.

"All right; I understand," he nodded, and then as Dick stepped down from the window, his hands only touching the sill, the lieutenant called out: "Good-by, good luck to you!"

"Good-by!" called back Dick, in a cautious tone.

When he let go and dropped.

As he did so, the sound of a terrific pounding on the door of the room came to his ears.

Dick struck the ground in an upright position and was uninjured.

He paused to look upward, to see if the window went up before the door was burst open.

As he did so, he was treated to an unpleasant surprise. "Ha! I have ye now!" cried a voice in his ear, and then he felt himself seized by strong hands.

So fierce was the onslaught of Dick's assailant, and so completely by surprise was the youth taken, that he was hurled to the ground before he was able to do anything to defend himself.

Dick was not the fellow to give up, however.

He realized that if he allowed himself to be captured, his life would pay the forfeit.

He immediately began struggling with his assailant.

Dick was so strong that he was able to make it extremely interesting for the man who had leaped upon him, but the fellow was very strong, and had succeeded in putting the youth at a great disadvantage.

Dick was far from being willing to give himself up, however.

He began to exercise all his wonderful strength and skill.

He gave the fellow the liveliest fight that he had ever been engaged in, without a doubt.

The man was a heavy, strong fellow, but Dick was victorious but surely getting out from under him.

Presently the youth, by a superhuman effort, succeeded in turning his opponent, and was himself on top.

Even yet he was not free, however.

The man held onto him with the tenacity of a bulldog.

"I've got ye; ye kain't git away!" the fellow panted.

"Oh, can't I!" said Dick. "I'll show you!"

Then Dick succeeded in getting the fellow by the throat.

This was the youth's favorite hold.

It was a deadly one, usually.

Dick was wonderfully strong in the fingers, and it took him but a few moments, as a rule, to choke a man into insensibility.

This fellow had a mammoth, bull-like neck, however, and the youth found more difficulty in choking him than he had ever before encountered.

Then, too, the man was unusually strong, and it was next to impossible to get his grip loosened so as to get free from him.

"I'll have to choke you to death, I guess!" said Dick, grimly. "If you are wise you will let go of me, and let me go my way."

"I won't do nothin' uv ther kind!" the fellow gurgled.

He was evidently a human bulldog.

"All right; your fate be on your own head, then!" said Dick, and he tightened his grip on the fellow's throat.

At this instant the window through which Dick had escaped was opened, and a British officer stuck his head out.

"Hallo! What's going on down there?" he exclaimed.

It was dark, and he could just make out the forms of the two persons on the ground.

Dick realized that he was in great danger.

The redcoats would suspect that he was one of the combatants and would be on the ground as quickly as possible.

"By Jove, I believe that young rebel spy is down there!" was the next exclamation from the man. "Quick, hurry downstairs, some of you, and around to the side of the house! We'll have the scoundrel yet!"

Dick realized that he had but a short time in which to work.

If he escaped, he would have to get free from his assailant very quickly.

He tightened his grip on the fellow's throat, and did his best to render him unconscious in a short space of time.

The man was tough, however, and resisted in a way Dick would not have believed any man could do.

"I can't understand it," said the officer who was at the window; "there seems to be a couple of men engaged in a struggle."

Dick was determined he should not understand it, if

such a thing could be prevented, and he worked to render his assailant unconscious and make his escape before the men who were coming could reach the spot.

In this he was only partially successful.

He succeeded in rendering his assailant unconscious, finally, but the men who had left the room above, and ran downstairs and out, with the intention of coming around to where Dick was, had turned the corner of the house and were within twenty feet when the youth leaped to his feet.

As Dick sprang up the men uttered a shout.

"Stop! Surrender!" was the cry. "Surrender, or we will fire upon you!"

But Dick was desperate.

He believed that if he were captured he would be put to death.

Therefore, he might as well try to escape and risk being shot down.

He might be fortunate enough to get away without being seriously wounded, and in that case he would be all right.

So instead of stopping and standing still, as ordered to do, he leaped away at full speed.

Dick ran toward the rear of the house.

There was a stable back of the house and the youth shrewdly suspected that the man who had leaped upon him was a stableman.

Dick thought he might succeed in getting around the stable, and then he would have a very good chance to get away.

Angry cries escaped the lips of the men who had appeared on the scene and ordered him to stop.

"Fire!" cried one, in a loud, fierce voice. "Don't let him get away. He may be that rebel spy, Dick Slater! Give it to him!"

Crash! Roar!

Dick heard the bullets whistle.

Fortunately, however, not a single one struck him.

"Good!" thought the youth. "I may succeed in escaping, after all."

Onward he ran at the top of his speed.

"Stop!" roared a voice. "Stop, or you are a dead man! Next time we will not miss!"

But Dick was too old a hand at this sort of a game to listen to any such talk.

He was quite willing to risk another volley.

He certainly would not stop and tamely surrender.

He would keep on trying to escape as long as he was able.

Onward he sped.

He was soon at the stable, and, swerving aside, he rounded the corner of the building and kept on.

"Once I get the building between me and my pursuers I think I shall be able to play some kind of a trick on them," he thought.

But he was not to succeed in doing this.

For once Dick's lucky star was under an eclipse.

The leader of the men who were pursuing the youth cried out an order for them to fire, and they did so. Crash! Roar!

Again the sharp cracks of the weapons rang out.

At the same instant down went Dick, upon his back on the ground!

Dick did not understand the matter, at all.

He had felt a slight twinge of pain in the region of the knee, but the pain was of such slight consequence that he could not think the wound was serious.

Yet his leg had instantly given way underneath him, and he had fallen.

The absence of pain gave Dick an idea.

The bullet had temporarily paralyzed the limb!

Dick was sure this was the explanation of the strange affair, and when he tried to move the leg, and could not, he was sure he had hit upon the truth.

As the youth went down, a wild yell of delight welled from his pursuers.

"We've got him!" one cried. "We brought him down that time!"

"Yes, I guess you have got me, this time, sure enough," was Dick's thought. "Jove! I guess I am in for it this time—unless, indeed, they will be willing to exchange me for the real Lieutenant Winfield Mortimer."

In his dire extremity, Dick's mind worked as calmly and as though he were among friends and in no danger whatever.

The next moment he was surrounded by the rebels.

"Aha! we brought you down, that time, my fine fellow," said one. "Didn't I tell you we would do so?"

"Yes," replied Dick, calmly, "I believe you did something like that."

"Then why didn't you stop and save yourself from being shot down?"

"I didn't think you could hit me."

"On account of the darkness, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, we couldn't take aim to do any good, of course, but when a dozen men fire at once, there is a big chance that one or more bullets may hit the mark just by accident, you know."

"It turned out that way, this time, sure."

"Yes; where are you wounded?"

"I am not just sure where, but think it is in the vicinity of my knee."

"I should think you would know, from the pain."

"There isn't any pain."

"There isn't?" in surprise.

"No; I felt a twinge of pain in the vicinity of my knee, then my leg gave way underneath me. There is no pain there now, and as I cannot move the limb, I think that it is temporarily paralyzed."

"Doubtless that is the case. Well, we will carry you back to the house. By the way, are you the rebel, Dick Slater?"

"You can hardly expect that I will be willing to acknowledge that," said Dick.

"Well, it won't be necessary for you to do so," was the reply. "We know you are the fellow who has been masquerading as Lieutenant Mortimer, and we know that fellow is Dick Slater, the rebel spy, and I guess that will carry the ground sufficiently without you saying a word."

Then the man turned to his companions and said:

"Lay hold, several of you, and carry the prisoner back to the house."

The men obeyed, and, lifting Dick carefully, they carried him to the house.

They went around to the front, and entered there.

Dick was carried to the parlor and placed on a sofa.

He looked around the room.

The officers with whom he had spent two very pleasant evenings were there, and Dick imagined that they looked at him with more of sorrow than anger in the expression of their eyes.

There were two who did not look at Dick with anything of friendliness or sorrow in their eyes, however.

One of these was Lieutenant Brocksley, and on his face was a look of devilish joy.

It was evident that he was delighted by the turn affairs had taken.

The other who seemed delighted was—the real Lieutenant Mortimer!

CHAPTER IX.

HAID FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE.

At an instant Dick understood how it had happened that he had been discovered that he was not Lieutenant Mortimer.

The real lieutenant had appeared and had told his story.

But how came it that he had appeared at this inopportune time?

Dick asked himself this question, but was, of course, unable to answer it.

That the fellow had escaped, in some manner, was evident.

It had turned out to be a serious affair for Dick.

Had the lieutenant waited another hour, or, rather, had his appearance been delayed that much longer, Dick would have been away in safety, for he had intended to leave the house just as soon as his room-mate was asleep, and make the start for Morristown.

Now, however, he was a prisoner, and would have to face the situation as boldly as might be.

"Well, my young friend, you are in rather a bad box!" remarked Major Metcalf.

"You think so?" asked Dick, with a smile.

"Yes, I know it."

"You will be hung, you contemptible rebel spy and scoundrel!" cried Lieutenant Mortimer, fiercely.

He spoke with combined fierceness and delight.

It was evident that he bore the youth who had mastered him on the banks of the Raritan anything but good will.

Dick gave the youth a look of scorn.

"If I were to speak thus to a helpless person I should feel that I was the scoundrel and not he!" he said, cuttingly.

The majority of the officers nodded their heads and regarded the lieutenant with looks of disapproval.

"That is right," the major said; "that is no way to talk to a prisoner, and a wounded one at that. By the way, let us examine your wound and see how bad a one it is."

"I can't think it serious," said Dick; "it simply paralyzed my limb temporarily, and made me helpless long enough so that you could capture me. I will be all right in a short time, I am sure."

The major himself made the examination, and it was found that the wound was not at all serious—or, at least, it did not look to be. The bullet had struck close to the knee, and had glanced off from the bone, and in some manner the result had been the numbing or paralyzing of the limb.

The major bound up the wound, at the same time remarking:

"It ought not to be a severe wound. Can you move the leg?"

Dick tried to do so, but could not.

He shook his head.

"It is of no more use to me than if it wasn't there," he remarked.

The question of what should be done with Dick now came up, and as there was no regular prison or guardhouse in the town, it was finally decided to keep him a prisoner in the house until morning, when the commander of the British army could himself decide what disposition should be made of the prisoner.

There was a vacant room on the ground floor, and it was decided to place Dick in there for the night.

Four of the men lifted the youth and bore him out of the parlor, along the hall and into the room in question.

They deposited Dick on a sofa, and at Major Metcalf's command a rope was procured and the youth's hands were tied together behind his back.

"There; I guess you will be safe here till morning," the major remarked. "I suppose there is no need of me warning you not to try to escape, Master Slater? A guard will be placed at the door, and if you should be caught trying to get away, you would be shot without mercy!"

"I guess there isn't much chance that I will get away to-night, major," replied Dick, with a smile.

"I may be able to do so along toward morning, though," the youth added to himself.

"No, you could not, by any possibility, escape," the major declared; "and you would be very foolish to make the attempt."

Dick made no reply, and the major went out, followed by the four who had carried the youth into the room, and the door was closed.

Dick fell to musing on the situation.

"I am in a bad fix, I am afraid," he thought. "Jove! I wonder how long my leg will stay in this condition?"

He attempted to move the limb, but could not.

It was as though the leg was made of wood.

"I can't move it!" thought Dick, with a grimace. "Well, I shall have to make the best of it."

The major had taken the light away when he went, and Dick was in darkness.

The youth lay for some time thinking deeply.

He was wondering how the lieutenant had escaped.

"I'll wager Bob got him to Morristown, all right," thought Dick; "he escaped after he reached there, and had been placed in other hands for safe keeping."

Dick had the utmost confidence in Bob.

Presently Dick came within an ace of uttering a joyous exclamation aloud.

He had discovered that he was able to move his wounded leg!

"Jove! this is a pleasant surprise," he thought. "I

doubt not that I shall regain the use of the limb soon now, and if I could get my hands loose and get out of here, I should be able to make my escape. The wound of itself is not serious and would not interfere with getting around, in the least."

Dick kept working the limb, and presently felt pricking sensations along its entire length.

"The blood is beginning to circulate again," he said to himself. "My leg will soon be all right."

This was very pleasing to Dick.

Of course, he was a prisoner, and had no idea that he would be able to escape, but at the same time he was happy, indeed, to regain the use of his limb.

Half an hour passed, and Dick, who kept working his leg up and down, made up his mind that he would be able to walk if he were to try.

He immediately made up his mind to try, and did.

He got up, and succeeded in walking about the room without experiencing much difficulty.

Of course, the wounded limb was not as strong and steady under the weight of Dick's body as it had been, but it held up very well, indeed.

"Oh, I am all right, so far as the leg is concerned," thought Dick. "Now if I only had a chance to get out and away, I should be all right."

He returned to the sofa and lay down again.

More than an hour had elapsed since Dick had been brought into the room.

The house was quiet, and the youth judged that the officers had gone to bed—all save the one who was on guard over the door of the room in which Dick was.

Dick could hear the measured tread of this person.

"I might not be able to get out and away even if my hands were free," thought Dick; "but no matter, I am going to try to get them free, just the same. And if I succeed, I shall make an effort to escape, you may be sure."

Dick began working away at the rope which bound his wrists.

The man who had tied the knots had done this very well, however, and Dick felt that it would be a most difficult matter to get his hands free.

Half an hour later he heard voices out in the hall.

"They are changing guards," he thought.

This was the case, for soon the measured tread was again heard.

Dick lay there, thinking, for nearly an hour longer.

It seemed as though he could not get to sleep.

He had finally begun to doze, however, when he heard the door open.

He could not hear the footsteps in the hall any

guessed that the person who had opened the door was guard.

He is coming in to see whether or not everything is all right," thought Dick. "Jove! if my hands were free I could treat him to a surprise that he would not like."

The guard was advancing across the room, as Dick could tell by the sound of the footsteps.

"I wonder why he is coming in such a cautious manner?" thought the youth.

He was soon to find out why this was.

Suddenly a voice addressed him, in a low, cautious tone, never.

"Are you asleep?"

"No," replied Dick, in a cautious tone. "Why do you say so?"

"I had a suspicion, but hardly dared acknowledge it to myself."

"I am your friend, and am going to help you, if help can be of any use to you. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, I recognize your voice, Malden, old fellow. But I don't know you will get yourself into trouble if you try to aid me." "I will risk it."

"You were Lieutenant Malden, sure enough."

"I had taken a great liking to Dick, and although he thought the youth was a patriot and a spy, he would not turn against him."

"I was young, and had not imbibed the hatred of the Americans to any marked degree."

"When he reached the side of the sofa he asked:

"How is your leg? Can you use it?"

"Yes," replied Dick; "it is all right, and I can use it just as good as ever."

"I am glad of that, for I am going to help you to get out of here, and when you are outside you will be able to make your escape, I think."

"I think so; I hope so, anyway. I will do my best to help you, you may be sure, if I get the chance."

"Well, I am going to give you the chance, for I have a great liking for you, old fellow."

"Malden spoke, he cut the rope which bound Dick's hands."

"I will put the rope in my pocket so that no one will be able to tell that it was cut," said Dick.

"I suited the actions to the words, as he spoke."

"All right; and thank you."

"Now, it is I who should thank you, Malden; and you may be sure that I do thank you, too! And if ever I get the chance to return the favor which you have done for me, I will seize upon it with joy."

"That is all right; now to get out of here."

"How will we accomplish it?"

"You had better go out through the window, I judge."

"I think so; that will make them less likely to suspect you."

"True; but I will go off guard in an hour, and in the morning no one will be able to say who was on guard at the time you succeeded in escaping."

"That is right, they will not; and I am glad of it, for if I thought there was any danger that you would get into trouble because of rendering assistance to me, I should refuse to accept of it."

"I shall be in no danger, I am sure."

The two now advanced to the window.

It was quite dark in the room, but it was not difficult to find the window.

Dick raised it in a jiffy, being careful, however, not to make a noise.

He stuck his head through and looked out.

It was only a few feet—perhaps five or six—to the ground.

He looked all around, and listened intently.

He could neither hear nor see anything which would indicate that there was any one in the vicinity.

"I guess the coast is clear," he said, in a low tone. "Say, who was that fellow who jumped onto me when I was trying to get away before, do you know?"

"Yes; he is the hostler."

"I wonder if he is asleep?"

"I judge so; and speaking of that, he says you come very nearly putting him to sleep for good and all. He said he was never choked so in all his life."

"Well, if he will stay away this time I will forgive him, for interfering the other time," said Dick.

"I don't think there is any danger that he will put in an appearance this time."

"Good! I am glad of that. I hope no one will interfere."

Then Dick took the hand of the young lieutenant and pressed it warmly.

"Good-by, old fellow!" he said, earnestly. "Rest assured I shall not forget you, or your kindness in risking your own life to help save mine. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" the lieutenant said, his voice trembling slightly, and then Dick climbed through the opening and leaped to the ground.

"Now to get away from here and out of the lion's den!" said Dick to himself as he stole away in the darkness, with all the noiselessness of a red Indian of the forest.

A thought struck Dick.

"That hostler caused me a lot of trouble," he said to

himself; "and now, I believe, I will get even with him. I will enter the stable, help myself to a horse and ride away. I will need a horse, anyway, as it is many miles to Morristown."

With Dick, to think was to act.

He had no trouble in getting into the stable, and saddling and bridling a horse, and five minutes later he was riding out of the town, having chosen a street on which no sentinel was posted.

CHAPTER X.

A GREAT HAUL.

It was about half-past two when Dick rode out of New Brunswick.

He had a ride of twenty-five miles ahead of him.

"I ought to get to Morristown by daylight," thought Dick; "my horse is fresh, and will be able to go at a good gait."

Dick rode steadily onward, his course being nearly due north.

He knew the road well, so had no difficulty in finding the way.

He reached Morristown at just about six o'clock the next morning, and went at once to the quarters occupied by the "Liberty Boys."

They had just risen, and when they saw Dick they were greatly surprised.

Dick was surprised to learn that they did not know that the prisoner, Mortimer, had escaped.

"Great guns! you don't mean to say that he came in on you last night at New Brunswick?" gasped Bob.

Dick nodded.

"Yes," he said, "he certainly did that very thing."

"Tell us about it, old man!"

The youths were eager and excited, for they were sure Dick had had a lively time when the lieutenant came in and exposed him.

He told the story of his adventures after the real Lieutenant Mortimer arrived at New Brunswick.

Many were the exclamations of wonder and admiration when they had heard the story.

"Say, that fellow Malden is a fine fellow, isn't he!" exclaimed Bob.

"He certainly is!" agreed Dick. "But for him, I judge that I would still be a prisoner, and in a fair way to be shot or hung."

Just then a soldier came hurrying in.

"The prisoner escaped last night!" he said to Bob, not having noticed the presence of Dick. "He has undoubtedly gone straight to New Brunswick, and when he gets there it will be the death of Dick!"

"No, it won't!" laughed Bob. "Look there!" and he indicated Dick.

The soldier was greatly surprised.

"Hello! When did you get here?" he cried.

"A few minutes ago," smiled Dick, as he shook hands with the man.

"Jove! it is lucky you are here!" the latter cried. "You heard what I just said about the escape of the prisoner whom you have been impersonating?"

"Yes; I was in New Brunswick when he got there."

"What! You don't mean it!"

"Yes."

"And still live to tell of it! Dick, you are the luckiest fellow alive!"

"He is lucky to be alive!" chuckled Bob, who was delighted on account of the safe return of his beloved chum and friend; then he told how Dick had had such a close call for his life, after the arrival of the real Lieutenant Mortimer at New Brunswick.

The soldier expressed his wonder and surprise at Dick's adventures and escape in exclamations, and then hastened away to spread the glad news that Dick Slater was in the camp, safe and sound.

The "Liberty Boys" ate breakfast, and then Dick went to the headquarters of General Washington and reported.

The commander-in-chief was delighted to see Dick.

He shook the youth's hand, heartily.

"I was delighted to learn that you had returned in safety, Dick," he said; "when I heard that the young British officer whom you were impersonating had escaped, I was afraid it meant your death."

"It did cause me to have a rather narrow escape," the youth replied, and then he told the story.

The commander-in-chief listened, with interest, but Dick made the story of that part very brief, and got to the part that he knew would be of benefit to the great man—detailing the information which he had acquired while in New Brunswick.

He told the number and location of the troops, and also told what he had heard stated by the officers, he having gained considerable information in this way relative to the intentions of the British.

Washington listened attentively, and when Dick had finished, he was silent for several minutes.

He was pondering over what he had heard—digesting the information.

Dick was silent, waiting till the commander-in-chief should be ready to listen to him; for he had a proposition which he wished to make—or, rather, a favor which he wished to ask.

Presently General Washington looked up.

"Well, Dick, you have done splendidly!" he said. "You have brought me some valuable information, and I think that I know, now, just about what the British will attempt to do next."

"I am glad if I have brought you any information which may prove to be of value," said Dick, modestly. "And now, your excellency, I am going to tell you of a plan which has entered my head, and ask your permission to go ahead and try to put the plan through to a successful issue."

The commander-in-chief looked interested.

"Go ahead, Dick," he encouraged; "I shall be glad to hear your plan, and if I think it is something that is likely to prove feasible, I shall be glad to give it my approval."

"Very well, your excellency, I will do so."

And then Dick went ahead and told General Washington about the storehouse, which was located at the extreme edge of New Brunswick, and how he had made up his mind that it would be possible for a party of men to slip down upon the point, capture the four guards and secure the arms, ammunition and provisions contained in the storehouse.

The commander-in-chief looked at the eager face of the young patriot and a twinkle came into his eyes.

"You would wish to take how many men, Dick?" he asked, slowly.

"I would not wish to take too great a number, your excellency. I think a hundred would be more than enough, and if more than that many were to go it might cause attention to be attracted to us."

"True; if you succeed in doing everything as you hope to do it, you will not have any fighting to do."

"You are right, sir."

"I suppose you will wish to take your 'Liberty Boys'?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"And when would you like to make the attempt?"

"As soon as possible; to-night or to-morrow night would do, first rate."

"What would you bring the stores away in, if you succeeded in securing them?"

"We have a couple of farm wagons in camp, sir; we could take those, and there are some donkeys, also, which have been used in foraging expeditions, that might be taken."

The commander-in-chief was silent for a few moments.

He was pondering the affair, and turning it over in his mind.

Dick watched him in silence.

"I believe it is feasible," said the commander-in-chief, presently. "If great care is exercised, and the guards captured before they get a chance to give the alarm, I do not see why it will not be possible to capture the stores."

"I think it can be done, your excellency."

"True; well, you have my permission to go ahead and make the attempt, and I hope that you may be successful."

"Oh, thank you, sir! We shall be very careful, indeed, and if such a thing is possible, we will be successful."

They talked a few minutes longer, the commander-in-chief giving Dick a few hints which the youth saw were valuable, and well worth utilizing.

Then he left headquarters and hastened back to where the "Liberty Boys" were.

He at once told the youths what he was going to do.

This was just the kind of work that the youths delighted in.

They enjoyed the work of going into battle, but this sort of work suited them better, because it had the element of daring and audacity, in addition to the danger, which was just as great as though they were going into a battle.

"Say, Dick, this is going to be a great thing!" cried Bob, in delight.

"That's right!" agreed Mark Morrison. "If we succeed in making a success of this affair, we will make quite a haul, won't we, Dick?"

"Yes, a great haul, undoubtedly, Mark," replied Dick; "and we must go into the affair with the intention of making a success of it, too!"

"So we must!"

"Well, with you to engineer the affair, I think it will be a success, Dick," said Bob.

His faith in Dick was unlimited and unbounded.

It was the same with all the "Liberty Boys."

One and all thought he was the smartest fellow, and the most able that ever lived.

They believed that what he could not do, could not be done.

Acting under Dick's directions, the youths began making preparations for the expedition.

Dick decided to make the attempt the coming night.

When there was anything to do he always liked to get at it at the earliest possible moment and get it done.

The other youths were as eager as he and went to work with a will.

Everything was in readiness by noon.

They ate their dinner and soon afterward mounted their horses and rode away.

They rode southward at a moderate gait.

It was only about twenty-five miles to New Brunswick, and there was no need of haste.

It was five o'clock when they crossed the Raritan River.

They crossed at a point two miles above New Brunswick.

Turning aside into the deep timber, they went into camp.

It was Dick's intention to make the attempt to capture the stores at about eleven o'clock, so they would have five or six hours to wait.

They had brought food with them and ate their supper at about six o'clock.

The time passed rather slowly, but the "Liberty Boys" were as patient as they could be under the circumstances.

When at about half-past ten Dick gave the order to mount, they hailed it with delight.

They quickly mounted and were away.

Half an hour later they paused in the edge of the timber, at a distance of half a mile from New Brunswick.

The men with the two farm wagons and the donkeys had followed the "Liberty Boys" at a moderate gait, and had reached the camp perhaps an hour before the second start was made.

The wagons and donkeys were now on hand, and if the "Liberty Boys" were successful, they had the means of carrying the stores away.

Leaving their horses and the wagons and donkeys, the "Liberty Boys" stole forward.

It was a clear night, but quite dark.

Circumstances were as favorable as could have been expected.

The "Liberty Boys" were soon in the vicinity of the storehouse.

Here they paused.

Dick had already made all his plans.

He had designated the youths who were to make up four parties of three each.

Each of these parties was to slip up on one of the guards and make him a prisoner.

All four of the parties were to advance at the same time and it was Dick's desire to make the attacks simultaneous, if possible.

Dick headed one party, Bob another, Mark Morrison the third and Sam Sanderson the fourth.

The four parties stole forward as noiselessly as Indians slipping up upon a sleeping foe.

They were more successful than they had expected to be, for they succeeded in making the four sentinels prisoners without any trouble to speak of, and without the least noise.

The prisoners, bound hand and foot, were seated on the ground, and while Sam Sanderson hastened back to tell the other "Liberty Boys" of their success, and have them bring the wagons and donkeys, Dick and Bob proceeded to force an entrance into the storehouse, Mark Morrison standing guard over the prisoners.

The "Liberty Boys" with the wagons and donkeys soon put in an appearance, and Dick set the youths to work at once.

They set in to empty the storehouse in the shortest possible time.

There was more in the way of stores in the building than they had expected to find.

The "Liberty Boys" had made a great haul and were happy.

Their faces wore broad smiles as they loaded their arms and provisions into the wagons and onto the mules.

The redcoat prisoners looked sullen and angry.

They were far from being in a mood for smiling.

It took the "Liberty Boys" more than half an hour to load the wagons and donkeys, but so quietly was the work conducted that none of the people residing in the vicinity were aroused from their slumbers.

At last the work was finished, the prisoners were loaded into the wagons and Dick gave the order to move.

Fifteen minutes later they reached the spot where the horses had been left.

The "Liberty Boys" mounted and rode slowly away, the wagons and donkeys bringing up the rear.

Throughout the rest of the night the march was kept up and Morristown was reached soon after daylight.

They were given a rousing welcome by the soldiers of the patriot army.

The "Liberty Boys" had made a great haul.

They had practically taken everything in sight.

THE END.

The next number (40) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS' FLUSH TIME OR, REVELING IN BRITISH GOLD," by Harry Mod...

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from your newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamp, mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive them by return mail.

WORK AND WIN.

The Best Weekly Published.

ALL THE NUMBERS ARE ALWAYS IN PRINT
READ ONE AND YOU WILL READ THEM ALL.

LATEST ISSUES:

- 13 Fred Fearnot's Great Run; or, An Engineer for a Week.
- 14 Fred Fearnot's Twenty Rounds; or, His Fight to Save His Honor.
- 15 Fred Fearnot's Engine Company; or, Brave Work as a Fireman.
- 16 Fred Fearnot's Good Work; or, Helping a Friend in Need.
- 17 Fred Fearnot at College; or, Work and Fun at Yale.
- 18 Fred Fearnot's Luck; or, Fighting an Unseen Foe.
- 19 Fred Fearnot's Defeat; or, A Fight Against Great Odds.
- 20 Fred Fearnot's Own Show; or, On the Road With a Combination.
- 21 Fred Fearnot in Chicago; or, The Abduction of Evelyn.
- 22 Fred Fearnot's Grit; or, Running Down a Desperate Thief.
- 23 Fred Fearnot's Camp; or, Hunting for Big Game.
- 24 Fred Fearnot's B. B. Club; or, The Nine that Was Never Beaten.
- 25 Fred Fearnot in Philadelphia; or, Solving the Schuylkill Mystery.
- 26 Fred Fearnot's Famous Stroke; or, The Winning Crew of Avon.
- 27 Fred Fearnot's Double; or, Unmasking a Dangerous Rival.
- 28 Fred Fearnot in Boston; or, Down the Bully of Back Bay.
- 29 Fred Fearnot's Home Run; or, The Second Tour of His Nine.
- 30 Fred Fearnot's Side Show; or, On the Road With a Circus.
- 31 Fred Fearnot in London; or, Terry Olcott in Danger.
- 32 Fred Fearnot in Paris; or, Evelyn and the Frenchman.
- 33 Fred Fearnot's Double Duel; or, Bound to Show His Nerve.
- 34 Fred Fearnot in Cuba; or, Helping "Uncle Sam."
- 35 Fred Fearnot's Danger; or, Three Against One.
- 36 Fred Fearnot's Pledge; or, Loyal to His Friends.
- 37 Fred Fearnot's Flyers; or, The Bicycle League of Avon.
- 38 Fred Fearnot's Flying Trip; or, Around the World On Record Time.
- 39 Fred Fearnot's Frolics; or, Having Fun With Friends and Foes.
- 40 Fred Fearnot's Triumph; or, Winning His Case in Court.
- 41 Fred Fearnot's Close Call; or, Punishing a Treacherous Foe.
- 42 Fred Fearnot's Big Bluff; or, Working for a Good Cause.
- 43 Fred Fearnot's Rancho; or, Roughing It in Colorado.
- 44 Fred Fearnot's Speculation; or, Outwitting the Land Sharks.
- 45 Fred Fearnot in the Clouds; or, Evelyn's Narrow Escape.
- 46 Fred Fearnot at Yale Again; or, Teaching the College Boys New Tricks.
- 47 Fred Fearnot's Mettle; or, Hot Work Against Enemies.
- 48 Fred Fearnot in Wall Street; or, Making and Losing a Million.
- 49 Fred Fearnot's Desperate Ride; or, A Dash to Save Evelyn.
- 50 Fred Fearnot's Great Mystery; or, How Terry Proved His Courage.
- 51 Fred Fearnot's Betrayal; or, The Mean Work of a False Friend.
- 52 Fred Fearnot in the Klondike; or, Working the "Dark Horse" Claim.
- 53 Fred Fearnot's Skate For Life; or, Winning the "Ice Flyers" Pennant.
- 54 Fred Fearnot's Rival; or, Betrayed by a Female Enemy.
- 55 Fred Fearnot's Defiance; or, His Great Fight at Dedham Lake.
- 56 Fred Fearnot's Big Contract; or, Running a County Fair.
- 57 Fred Fearnot's Daring Deed; or, Saving Terry from the Lynchers.
- 58 Fred Fearnot's Revenge; or, Defeating a Congressman.
- 59 Fred Fearnot's Trap; or, Catching the Train Robbers.
- 60 Fred Fearnot at Harvard; or, Winning the Games for Yale.
- 61 Fred Fearnot's Ruse; or, Turning Tramp to Save a Fortune.
- 62 Fred Fearnot in Manila; or, Plotting to Catch Aguinaldo.
- 63 Fred Fearnot and Oom Paul; or, Battling for the Roers.
- 64 Fred Fearnot in Johannesburg; or, The Terrible Ride to Kimberley.
- 65 Fred Fearnot in Kafir-land; or, Hunting for the Lost Diamond.
- 66 Fred Fearnot's Lariat; or, How He Caught His Man.
- 67 Fred Fearnot's Wild West Show; or, The Biggest Thing on Earth.
- 68 Fred Fearnot's Great Tour; or, Managing an Opera Queen.
- 69 Fred Fearnot's Minstrels; or, Terry's Great Hit as an End Man.
- 70 Fred Fearnot and the Duke; or, Raising a Fortune Hunter.
- 71 Fred Fearnot's Day; or, The Great Reunion at Avon.
- 72 Fred Fearnot in the South; or, Out with Old Bill Bland.
- 73 Fred Fearnot's Museum; or, Backing Knowledge with Fun.
- 74 Fred Fearnot's Athletic School; or, Making Brain and Brawn.
- 75 Fred Fearnot Mystified; or, The Disappearance of Terry Olcott.
- 76 Fred Fearnot and the Governor; or, Working Hard to Save a Life.
- 77 Fred Fearnot's Mistake; or, Up Against His Match.
- 78 Fred Fearnot in Texas; or, Terry's Man from Abilene.
- 79 Fred Fearnot as a Sheriff; or, Breaking up a Desperate Gang.

- 80 Fred Fearnot Baffled; or, Outwitted by a Woman.
- 81 Fred Fearnot's Wit; or, How It Saved His Life.
- 82 Fred Fearnot's Great Prize; or, Working Hard to Win.
- 83 Fred Fearnot at Bay; or, His Great Fight for Life.
- 84 Fred Fearnot's Disguise; or, Following a Strange Clew.
- 85 Fred Fearnot's Moose Hunt; or, Adventures in the Maine Woods.
- 86 Fred Fearnot's Oratory; or, Fun at the Girls' High School.
- 87 Fred Fearnot's Big Heart; or, Giving the Poor a Chance.
- 88 Fred Fearnot Accused; or, Tricked by a Villain.
- 89 Fred Fearnot's Pluck; or, Winning Against Odds.
- 90 Fred Fearnot's Deadly Peril; or, His Narrow Escape from Ruin.
- 91 Fred Fearnot's Wild Ride; or, Saving Dick Duncan's Life.
- 92 Fred Fearnot's Long Chase; or, Trailing a Cunning Villain.
- 93 Fred Fearnot's Last Shot; or, How It Saved a Life.
- 94 Fred Fearnot's Common Sense; or, The Best Way Out of Trouble.
- 95 Fred Fearnot's Great Find; or, Saving Terry Olcott's Fortune.
- 96 Fred Fearnot and the Sultan; or, Adventures on the Island of Sulu.
- 97 Fred Fearnot's Silvery Tongue; or, Winning an Angry Mob.
- 98 Fred Fearnot's Strategy; or, Outwitting a Troublesome Couple.
- 99 Fred Fearnot's Little Joke; or, Worrying Dick and Terry.
- 100 Fred Fearnot's Muscle; or, Holding His Own Against Odds.
- 101 Fred Fearnot on Hand; or, Showing Up at the Right Time.
- 102 Fred Fearnot's Puzzle; or, Worrying the Bunco Stealers.
- 103 Fred Fearnot and Evelyn; or, The Infatuated Rival.
- 104 Fred Fearnot's Wager; or, Down a Brutal Sport.
- 105 Fred Fearnot at St. Simons; or, The Mystery of a Georgia Island.
- 106 Fred Fearnot Deceived; or, After the Wrong Man.
- 107 Fred Fearnot's Charity; or, Teaching Others a Lesson.
- 108 Fred Fearnot as "The Judge"; or, Heading off the Lynchers.
- 109 Fred Fearnot and the Clown; or, Saving the Old Man's Place.
- 110 Fred Fearnot's Fine Work; or, Up Against a Crank.
- 111 Fred Fearnot's Bad Break; or, What Happened to Jones.
- 112 Fred Fearnot's Round Up; or, A Lively Time on the Rancho.
- 113 Fred Fearnot and the Giant; or, A Hot Time in Cheyenne.
- 114 Fred Fearnot's Cool Nerve; or, Giving It Straight to the Boys.
- 115 Fred Fearnot's Way; or, Doing Up a Sharper.
- 116 Fred Fearnot in a Fix; or, The Blackmailer's Game.
- 117 Fred Fearnot as a "Broncho Buster"; or, A Great Time in the Wild West.
- 118 Fred Fearnot and His Mascot; or, Evelyn's Fearless Ride.
- 119 Fred Fearnot's Strong Arm; or, The Bad Man of Arizona.
- 120 Fred Fearnot as a "Tenderfoot"; or, Having Fun with the Cow-boys.
- 121 Fred Fearnot Captured; or, In the Hands of His Enemies.
- 122 Fred Fearnot and the Banker; or, A Schemer's Trap to Ruin Him.
- 123 Fred Fearnot's Great Feat; or, Winning a Fortune on Skates.
- 124 Fred Fearnot's Iron Will; or, Standing Up for the Right.
- 125 Fred Fearnot Cornered; or, Evelyn and the Widow.
- 126 Fred Fearnot's Daring Scheme; or, Ten Days in an Insane Asylum.
- 127 Fred Fearnot's Honor; or, Backing Up His Word.
- 128 Fred Fearnot and the Lawyer; or, Young Billy Dedham's Case.
- 129 Fred Fearnot at West Point; or, Having Fun with the Hazers.
- 130 Fred Fearnot's Secret Society; or, The Knights of the Black Ring.
- 131 Fred Fearnot and the Gambler; or, The Trouble on the Lake Front.
- 132 Fred Fearnot's Challenge; or, King of the Diamond Field.
- 133 Fred Fearnot's Great Game; or, The Hard Work That Won.
- 134 Fred Fearnot in Atlanta; or, The Black Friend of Darktown.
- 135 Fred Fearnot's Open Hand; or, How He Helped a Friend.
- 136 Fred Fearnot in Debate; or, The Warmest Member of the House.
- 137 Fred Fearnot's Great Plea; or, His Defence of the "Moneyless Man."
- 138 Fred Fearnot at Princeton; or, The Battle of the Champions.
- 139 Fred Fearnot's Circus; or, High Old Time at New Era.
- 140 Fred Fearnot's Camp Hunt; or, The White Deer of the Adirondacks.
- 141 Fred Fearnot and His Guide; or, The Mystery of the Mountain.
- 142 Fred Fearnot's County Fair; or, The Battle of the Fakirs.
- 143 Fred Fearnot a Prisoner; or, Captured at Avon.
- 144 Fred Fearnot and the Senator; or, Breaking up a Scheme.
- 145 Fred Fearnot and the Baron; or, Calling Down a Nobleman.
- 146 Fred Fearnot and the Brokers; or, Ten Days in Wall Street.
- 147 Fred Fearnot's Little Scrap; or, The Fellow Who Wouldn't Stay Whipped.
- 148 Fred Fearnot's Greatest Danger; or, Ten Days with the Moonshiners.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by re-turn mail.
POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

1901.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.... copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK "

.... " " SECRET SERVICE "

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.

Name..... Street and No.....

Town.....

State.....

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

PRICE 5 CTS. 32 PAGES. COLORED COVERS. ISSUED WEEKLY

LATEST ISSUES:

- 22 The Bradys Baffled; or, In Search of the Green Goods Men.
23 The Opium King; or, The Bradys' Great Chinatown Case.
24 The Bradys in Wall Street; or, A Plot to Steal a Million.
25 The Girl From Boston; or, Old and Young King Brady on a Peculiar Case.
26 The Bradys and the Shoplifters; or, Hard Work on a Dry Goods Case.
27 Zig Zag the Clown; or, The Bradys' Great Circus Trail.
28 The Bradys Out West; or, Winning a Hard Case.
29 After the Kidnappers; or, The Bradys on a False Clue.
30 Old and Young King Bradys' Battle; or, Bound to Win Their Case.
31 The Bradys' Race Track Job; or, Crooked Work Among Jockeys.
32 Found in the Bay; or, The Bradys on a Great Murder Mystery.
33 The Bradys in Chicago; or, Solving the Mystery of the Lake Front.
34 The Bradys' Great Mistake; or, Shadowing the Wrong Man.
35 The Bradys and the Mail Mystery; or, Working for the Government.
36 The Bradys Down South; or, The Great Plantation Mystery.
37 The House in the Swamp; or, The Bradys' Keenest Work.
38 The Knock-out-Drops Gang; or, The Bradys' Risky Venture.
39 The Bradys' Close Shave; or, Into the Jaws of Death.
40 The Bradys' Star Case; or, Working for Love and Glory.
41 The Bradys in 'Frisco; or, A Three Thousand Mile Hunt.
42 The Bradys and the Express Thieves; or, Tracing the Package Marked "Paid."
43 The Bradys' Hot Chase; or, After the Horse Stealers.
44 The Bradys' Great Wager; or, The Queen of Little Monte Carlo.
45 The Bradys' Double Net; or, Catching the Keenest of Criminals.
46 The Man in the Steel Mask; or, The Bradys' Work for a Great Fortune.
47 The Bradys and the Black Trunk; or, Working a Silent Clew.
48 Going It Blind; or, The Bradys' Good Luck.
49 The Bradys Balked; or, Working up Queer Evidence.
50 Against Big Odds; or, The Bradys' Great Stroke.
51 The Bradys and the Forger; or, Tracing the N. G. Check.
52 The Bradys' Trump Card; or, Winning a Case by Bluff.
53 The Bradys and the Grave Robbers; or, Tracking the Cemetery Owls.
54 The Bradys and the Missing Boy; or, The Mystery of School No. 6.
55 The Bradys Behind the Scenes; or, The Great Theatrical Case.
56 The Bradys and the Opium Dens; or, Trapping the Crooks of Chinatown.
57 The Bradys Down East; or, The Mystery of a Country Town.
58 Working for the Treasury; or, The Bradys and the Bank Burglars.
59 The Bradys' Fatal Clew; or, A Desperate Game for Gold.
60 Shadowing the Sharps; or, The Bradys' \$10,000 Deal.
61 The Bradys and the Firebug; or, Found in the Flames.
62 The Bradys in Texas; or, The Great Ranch Mystery.
63 The Bradys on the Ocean; or, The Mystery of Stateroom No. 7.
64 The Bradys and the Office Boy; or, Working Up a Business Case.
65 The Bradys in the Backwoods; or, The Mystery of the Hunters' Camp.
66 Ching Foo, the Yellow Dwarf; or, The Bradys and the Opium Smokers.
67 The Bradys' Still Hunt; or, The Case that was Won by Waiting.
68 Caught by the Camera; or, The Bradys and the Girl from Maine.
69 The Bradys in Kentucky; or, Tracking a Mountain Gang.
70 The Marked Bank Note; or, The Bradys Below the Dead Line.
71 The Bradys on Deck; or, The Mystery of the Private Yacht.
72 The Bradys in a Trap; or, Working Against a Hard Gang.
73 Over the Line; or, The Bradys' Chase Through Canada.
74 The Bradys in Society; or, The Case of Mr. Barlow.
75 The Bradys in the Slums; or, Trapping the Crooks of the "Red Light District."
76 Found in the River; or, The Bradys and the Brooklyn Bridge Mystery.
77 The Bradys and the Missing Box; or, Running Down the Railroad Thieves.
78 The Queen of Chinatown; or, The Bradys Among the "Hop" Fiends.
79 The Bradys and the Girl Smuggler; or, Working for the Custom House.
80 The Bradys and the Runaway Boys; or, Shadowing the Circus Sharps.
81 The Bradys and the Ghosts; or, Solving the Mystery of the Old Church Yard.
82 The Bradys and the Brokers; or, A Desperate Game in Wall Street.
83 The Bradys' Fight to a Finish; or, Winning a Desperate Case.
84 The Bradys' Race for Life; or, Rounding Up a Tough Trio.
85 The Bradys' Last Chance; or, The Case in the Dark.
86 The Bradys on the Road; or, The Strange Case of a Drummer.
87 The Girl in Black; or, The Bradys Trapping a Confidence Queen.
88 The Bradys in Mulberry Bend; or, The Boy Slaves of "Little Italy."
89 The Bradys' Battle for Life; or, The Keen Detectives' Greatest Peril.
90 The Bradys and the Mad Doctor; or, The Haunted Mill in the Marsh.
91 The Bradys on the Rail; or, A Mystery of the Lightning Express.
92 The Bradys and the Spy; or, Working Against the Police Department.
93 The Bradys' Deep Deal; or, Hand-in-Glove with Crime.
94 The Bradys in a Snare; or, The Worst Case of All.
95 The Bradys Beyond Their Depth; or, The Great Swamp Mystery.
96 The Bradys' Hopeless Case; or, Against Plain Evidence.
97 The Bradys at the Helm; or, The Mystery of the River Steamer.
98 The Bradys in Washington; or, Working for the President.
99 The Bradys Duped; or, The Cunning Work of Clever Crooks.
100 The Bradys in Maine; or, Solving the Great Camp Mystery.
101 The Bradys on the Great Lakes; or, Tracking the Canada Gang.
102 The Bradys in Montana; or, The Great Copper Mine Case.
103 The Bradys Hemmed In; or, Their Case in Arizona.
104 The Bradys at Sea; or, A Hot Chase Over the Ocean.
105 The Girl from London; or, The Bradys After a Confidence Queen.
106 The Bradys Among the Chinamen; or, The Yellow Fiends of the Opium Joints.
107 The Bradys and the Pretty Shop Girl; or, The Grand Street Mystery.
108 The Bradys and the Gypsies; or, Chasing the Child Stealers.
109 The Bradys and the Wrong Man; or, The Story of a Strange Mistake.
110 The Bradys Betrayed; or, In the Hands of a Traitor.
111 The Bradys and Their Doubles; or, A Strange Tangle of Crime.
112 The Bradys in the Everglades; or, The Strange Case of a Summer Tourist.
113 The Bradys Defied; or, The Hardest Gang in New York.
114 The Bradys in High Life; or, The Great Society Mystery.
115 The Bradys Among Thieves; or, Hot Work in the Bowery.
116 The Bradys and the Sharps; or, In Darkest New York.
117 The Bradys and the Bandits; or, Hunting for a Lost Boy.
118 The Bradys in Central Park; or, The Mystery of the Mall.
119 The Bradys on their Muscle; or, Shadowing the Red Hook Gang.
120 The Bradys' Opium Joint Case; or, Exposing the Chinese Crooks.
121 The Bradys' Girl Decoy; or, Rounding Up the East-Side Crooks.
122 The Bradys Under Fire; or, Tracking a Gang of Outlaws.
123 The Bradys at the Beach; or, The Mystery of the Bath House.
124 The Bradys and the Lost Gold Mine; or, Hot Work Among the Cowboys.
125 The Bradys and the Missing Girl; or, A Clew Found in the Dark.
126 The Bradys and the Banker; or, The Mystery of a Treasure Vault.
127 The Bradys and the Boy Acrobat; or, Tracing up a Theatrical Case.
128 The Bradys and Bad Man Smith; or, The Gang of Black Bar.
129 The Bradys and the Veiled Girl; or, Piping the Tombs Mystery.
130 The Bradys and the Deadshot Gang; or, Lively Work on the Frontier.
131 The Bradys with a Circus; or, On the Road with the Wild Beast Tamers.
132 The Bradys in Wyoming; or, Tracking the Mountain Men.
133 The Bradys at Coney Island; or, Trapping the Sea-side Crooks.
134 The Bradys and the Road Agents; or, The Great Deadwood Case.
135 The Bradys and the Bank Clerk; or, Tracing a Lost Money Package.
136 The Bradys on the Race Track; or, Beating the Sharps.
137 The Bradys in the Chinese Quarter; or, The Queen of the Opium Fiends.
138 The Bradys and the Counterfeiters; or, Wild Adventures in the Blue Ridge Mountains.
139 The Bradys in the Dens of New York; or, Working on the John Street Mystery.
140 The Bradys and the Rail Road Thieves; or, The Mystery of the Midnight Train.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, **24 Union Square, New York.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.
POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

..... copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
..... " " PLUCK AND LUCK "
..... " " SECRET SERVICE "
..... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
..... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....

.....1901.

THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.** By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church and in the drawing-room.

DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE.** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ballroom and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowar.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete handbook for making all kinds of candy, ice cream, syrups, essences, etc. etc.

No. 19. **FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady. The world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution

By HARRY MOORE.

DON'T FAIL TO READ IT !

These stories are based on actual facts and give a faithful account of the exciting adventures of a brave band of American youths who were always ready and willing to imperil their lives for the sake of helping along the gallant cause of Independence. Every number will consist of 32 large pages of reading matter bound in a beautiful colored cover.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 The Liberty Boys of '76; or, Fighting for Freedom. | 23 The Liberty Boys on Their Mettle; or, Making It War for the Redcoats. |
| 2 The Liberty Boys' Oath; or, Settling With the British and Tories | 24 The Liberty Boys' Double Victory; or, Downing the Redcoats and Tories. |
| 3 The Liberty Boys' Good Work; or, Helping General Washington. | 25 The Liberty Boys Suspected; or, Taken for British Spies |
| 4 The Liberty Boys on Hand; or, Always in the Right Place. | 26 The Liberty Boys' Clever Trick; or, Teaching the Redcoats a Thing or Two. |
| 5 The Liberty Boys' Nerve; or, Not Afraid of the King's Minions. | 27 The Liberty Boys' Good Spy Work; or, With the Redcoats in Philadelphia. |
| 6 The Liberty Boys' Defiance; or, "Catch and Hang Us if You can." | 28 The Liberty Boys' Battle Cry; or, With Washington at the Brandywine. |
| 7 The Liberty Boys in Demand; or, The Champion Spies of the Revolution. | 29 The Liberty Boys' Wild Ride; or, A Dash to Save a Fort. |
| 8 The Liberty Boys' Hard Fight; or, Beset by British and Tories. | 30 The Liberty Boys in a Fix; or, Threatened by Reds and Whites. |
| 9 The Liberty Boys to the Rescue; or, A Host Within Themselves. | 31 The Liberty Boys' Big Contract; or, Holding Arnold's Check. |
| 10 The Liberty Boys' Narrow Escape; or, A Neck-and-Neck Race With Death. | 32 The Liberty Boys Shadowed; or, After Dick Slater for Revenge. |
| 11 The Liberty Boys' Pluck; or, Undaunted by Odds. | 33 The Liberty Boys Duped; or, The Friend Who Was an Enemy. |
| 12 The Liberty Boys' Peril; or, Threatened from All Sides. | 34 The Liberty Boys' Fake Surrender; or, The Ruse That Succeeded. |
| 13 The Liberty Boys' Luck; or, Fortune Favors the Brave. | 35 The Liberty Boys' Signal; or, "At the Clang of the Bell" |
| 14 The Liberty Boys' Ruse; or, Fooling the British. | 36 The Liberty Boys' Daring Work; or, Risking Life for the Liberty's Cause. |
| 15 The Liberty Boys' Trap, and What They Caught in It. | 37 The Liberty Boys' Prize, and How They Won It. |
| 16 The Liberty Boys Puzzled; or, The Tories' Clever Scheme. | 38 The Liberty Boys' Plot; or, The Plan that Won. |
| 17 The Liberty Boys' Great Stroke; or, Capturing a British Man-of-War. | 39 The Liberty Boys' Great Haul; or, Taking Everything in Sight. |
| 18 The Liberty Boys' Challenge; or, Patriots vs. Redcoats. | 40 The Liberty Boys' Flush Times; or, Reveling in British Gold. |
| 19 The Liberty Boys Trapped; or, The Beautiful Tory. | |
| 20 The Liberty Boys' Mistake; or, "What Might Have Been." | |
| 21 The Liberty Boys' Fine Work; or, Doing Things Up Brown. | |
| 22 The Liberty Boys at Bay; or, The Closest Call of All. | |

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 1901

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.... copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK ".....
.... " " SECRET SERVICE ".....
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....